

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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BLISS IS IT IN THIS DAY TO BE ALIVE

England's Millennium THOUSANDTH BIRTHDAY OF THE THRONE

From Athelstan To George the Sixth

WE long in vain for the Millennium, but one Millennium we have reached in this joyful English summer.

It is not only the Centenary of the birth of the Victorian Era but the Millennium of the English Throne.

The Throne of All England on which King George is to be crowned is this summer a thousand years old.

Never before in history has an Empire crowned its sovereign on a throne established for 1000 years. It is true that the Stone of Scone is older still, but it has not been the throne of England for a thousand years. It was the seat of Scottish kings in the days when our Saxon kings were welding England into a nation, and the throne on which our own kings were crowned was then at Kingston. There still in the wind and the rain (with the sun shining on it, let us hope, on Coronation Day) stands the stone on which tradition says eight Saxon kings were crowned. One of them was First King of All England.

The Old Crowning Stones of the Old Country

Perhaps we may like the thought of these two stones that have seen so much of our nation's story, one still in the open street and one kept in our sacred place, both the seat of kings, precious stones of the British people for a thousand years. Thrilling it would have been if, instead of the Stone of Scone, we could have tucked away in the chair in the Abbey the stone on which King Athelstan was crowned a thousand years ago. It was he who made England one nation in 937.

He was then just over forty, a strong man marching into history as a king stronger than Alfred, for Alfred never saw the nation welded into one. Often must he have sat dreaming with his little grandson Athelstan on his knee, dreaming of the day when England would be a great nation, protected by a powerful navy and made wise by many books. King Alfred died when Athelstan was six, and because his father was marching about England campaigning against the Danes the little lad was sent to the care of his aunt, Ethelfleda, herself a famous warrior and known to history as the Lady of the Mercians. Under her care Athelstan grew up to love books, and in the British Museum we can still see the manuscript catalogue of his library.

But as soon as he was old enough to bear arms Athelstan would accompany his aunt in her wars against the Welsh and, after they had been vanquished, against the Danish strongholds of Derby, Leicester, and York. On his aunt's death Athelstan's father took over the rule of Mercia and at last, in 925, Athelstan himself was on the throne, 30 years old, loving peace and longing to see the nation one. In the very year he became king he was visited by the Danish King of Northumbria, who acknowledged his authority and took Athelstan's sister as his bride. The Danish king died the next year and Athelstan annexed Northumbria.

He regarded himself supreme king of the island, but recognised the minor rulers of outlying districts provided they gave pledges of allegiance to him. They were a little unwilling, but Athelstan overcame them. The Welsh rulers brought their tributes to him at Hereford, and he won Exeter from the Celtic people of the west, fortifying the city with stone (the first known use of stone by Saxon castle builders). He was friendly to all the Welsh and Danish people who settled down in this country, and during his reign there was general stability in all parts. For the first time it was safe to make one kind of money for the whole of the realm, and Athelstan issued a coin on which he was described as *King of All Britain*. (Rex Tot Brit: see page 11). On the back of one of his coins appears York Minster.

The Mystery of the Fateful Field

Secure among his own people, Athelstan had other dangers to face, for hordes of pirates came across the sea. They used Ireland to organise their invasion, and so powerful were they that the King of Scotland and rulers of other districts in the North joined the invading host.

Athelstan raised a levy and marched against the raiders. He caught them at Brunanburgh in 937 and there fought a battle which settled for ever who was to be ruler of all Britain. No one knows where the battlefield is. Brunanburgh is one of the momentous names in English history, but it is a place of mystery. What we do know is that it was a terrible battle that took place there. A Saxon poet



Queen Elizabeth
God Bless Her



King George
God Bless Him

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PRIME MINISTER'S LAST SPEECH IN THE COMMONS Let There Be Peace

Mr Baldwin, who will cease to be Prime Minister this month, made a moving appeal for peace in the House of Commons before the Coronation adjournment.

It was his last speech in the House of Commons, though we may look forward to many more speeches in the House of Lords, to which he now goes. We take these last words from his last speech to the Commons.

I am going to make my last appeal in this House, and it is to that little handful of men who can decide whether it is going to be peace or strife. There are very few of them, and they will be meeting my hon. friend very shortly again. Fresh invitations have gone out.

There is no doubt that today the feeling in totalitarian countries is, or they would like it to be, one of contempt for democracy. Coupled with that is the idea that a democracy must be a kind of decadent country in which there is no order, where industrial trouble is the order of the day, and where the people can never keep to a fixed purpose.

There is in the world another feeling. I think you will find this in America, in France, and throughout all our Dominions, and that is a sympathy with and an admiration for this country in the way she came through the great storm, the blizzard, some years ago, and the way in which she is progressing, as they believe, with so little industrial strife. They feel that that is a great thing which marks off our country from other countries today.

A Present For the Country

Having said that, I would add this. The whole world has its eyes today on London. The whole world is represented in London and they are all coming here to be with us in what to the vast majority of our people will be a period of rejoicing for many days, culminating in that age-long service in the Abbey.

In the Abbey on this day week our young King and his Queen, who were called suddenly and unexpectedly to the most tremendous position on earth, will kneel and dedicate themselves to the service of their people, a service which can only be ended by death. I appeal to that handful of men with whom rests peace or war to give the best present to the country that could be given at that moment, to do the one thing which would rejoice the hearts of all the people who love this country; that is, to rend and dissipate this dark cloud which has gathered over us and show the people of the world that this democracy can still, at least, practise the arts of peace in a world of strife.

FROM GRANNIE

This little note and a shilling's-worth of stamps from a C N reader has reached Cheyne Hospital for Children in Chelsea.

Blackburn

Will you accept these few stamps from a sick Grannie whose heart is bigger than her pocket?

Grannie

Our love to Grannie. We hope her pocket will grow as big as her heart.

THE BIRDS

The congregation of St Leonard's near Moreton-in-Marsh have been dispensing with a fire in the church so that a pair of starlings could rear their family in the stove pipe.

A pair of golden eagles have an eyrie with two eggs in it somewhere on the borders of Caithness and Sutherland in Scotland.

TO EVERYBODY

Keep Coronation London free from Litter.
Use the baskets provided by the Government.

The Thousandth Birthday of the King's Throne

Continued from page 1

described it in a poem which is quoted in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. He tells how blood flowed on that fateful day from the rise of the sun

*Sun-star of morningtide
Lamp of the Lord God*

till the sun sank to its setting, and that five Viking kings were put asleep and seven strong earls, and "numberless numbers" more of shipmen and Scotsmen. Tennyson translated the poem into modern English, saying that

*Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Hapt in this isle, since
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.*

There was no longer any question who ruled this land. King Athelstan survived this victory for three years and made England a country to be reckoned with abroad. Athelstan gave one of his sisters in marriage to Otto, the Holy Roman Emperor, the most powerful ruler in Europe, another sister to Hugh the Great, whose son Hugh Capet began the great line of French kings which only ceased in 1848, a third sister to the King of the West Franks, and a fourth to the King of Arles.

We see how powerful he was abroad, and it was his welding of the nation into one, his conquests over all his enemies, which made him so. He is

remembered as Glorious Athelstan, and one of the things he did suggests that he was not unworthy of the title, for he raised the execution age for stealing from 12 to 15, remarking to the Archbishop how grievous had been the older law.

They buried him in Malmesbury Abbey, where we see him lying on a tomb by the altar. His figure, with a canopy over his head and a mournful-looking creature at his feet, has been fashioned since his day, and the tomb is empty, but it is known that he lies in this famous church, one of the most impressive Norman monuments remaining in the land. Here Athelstan's name has always been famous, and the Common is called King's Heath after him. Here are the 500 acres he gave to its people, every freeman of Athelstan's borough being entitled to one allotment.

With such a king the throne of all England was established just a thousand years ago. The story of that thousand years is written deep in the life of mankind. This week it reaches a new chapter, with a new king on the Throne but behind it still the spirit of Old England whose flag has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze. It is a new King but the old country, and we go marching on with a prayer in our hearts and on our lips that the time before us may be filled with fame and peace and happiness for another thousand years.

THE WORLD IN 1000 YEARS

The English Throne is a thousand years old this summer. What will it see in another thousand years?

A THOUSAND journeys round the sun! Tempt folk to spend weekends in
What profit when their course Mars?
is run? Will men of strange and fearful
Will men be taller, women fairer, pattern
Work a joy and trouble rarer? Invade our sphere from ringed Saturn?
Will young and old ascend the sky,
And never walk when they can fly?
Will those who travel, while they roam
Be wirelessly to the sights of home,
See before them as they pass
The face of love in a magic glass?
Will Peace make fair the ways of Earth
And set men free to conquer dearth?
Will Beauty love with men to dwell
Because they learn to treat her well?
Will life be bright, and all its hours
Be gay with music, bright with flowers?
Will space be bridged, and flying cars

Sire, We Have Looked on Mighty Things

SIRE, we have looked on many and mighty things
In these eight hundred summers of renown
Since the Gold Dragon of the Wessex Kings
On Hastings Field went down;
And slowly in the ambience of this crown
Have many crowns been gathered, till, today,
How many peoples crown thee, who shall say?
Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star
In high cabal have made us what we are.

So wide of girth this little cirque of gold,
So great we are, and old.
Proud from the ages are we come, O King,
Proudly, as fits a nation that hath now
So many dawns and sunsets on her brow,
This duteous heart we bring.

William Watson

100 NOT OUT Bedfordshire Boy Across the World

A Bedfordshire boy who was born in the year of Queen Victoria's accession at Salford, Bedfordshire, and was later apprenticed to his uncle, a chemist in Bedford, has just celebrated his 100th birthday.

He is George William Lines, living at Hastings in New Zealand. Old Mr Lines feels 100 years young, for he has not had an illness since he was nine or ten. He enjoys the best of health and still looks after his garden.

It was in 1837, while the Crimean War was raging, that Mr Lines' parents left Bedfordshire to seek their fortunes in the colonies. They landed in Australia and settled at Ballarat, a famous gold-mining town. Mr Lines tried his luck at the Bendigo goldfield, but did not find any gold. He earned a living driving pack-trains of mules and horses loaded with stores for the outlying districts.

In 1870 he settled in the rich farming district of Hawke's Bay, and built one of the first houses in the little settlement of Hastings, which has now become a thriving town of nearly 20,000 people. He became a successful farmer with 200 acres of good land before he retired from active work at the age of 70. Now he has reached his century, and has 15 grandchildren.

DO YOU KNOW?

Who built Westminster Abbey.
Who was the boy who slept in the Coronation chair.
Which is the most wonderful sight in London.
That London began on two small hills.
That the British Empire covers nearly 14 million square miles and is the home of about 500 million people.
That it would take four years for all these people to pass Buckingham Palace, at 240 a minute night and day.

THESE are just a few of the things we read about in the C N Coronation Extra, Send Him Victorious. But there are also in this wonderful publication more than 250 pictures, and they are all printed in photogravure. With its 56 big pages and the excellence of its contents there is no better value to be had for sixpence.

If your newsagent is out of stock he will be able to get a copy for you. Ask for the C N Coronation Extra.

SEND HIM VICTORIOUS

THINGS SEEN

Six Union Jacks upside-down outside a Dartford store.

A man riding a penny-farthing bicycle in Fleet Street.

THINGS SAID

Walk to the left.

Westminster City Council

When we walk into the homes of Britain we walk into our own homes.

Prime Minister of New Zealand

The churches would get better ministers if they cherished a truer and nobler conception of the ministry itself.

Principal E. J. Price

Some letters tell me I am a fool and others that I am a great man. They leave me unconcerned.

Mr Baldwin

Give Englishmen their daily bath.

A notice for Kindness Week in Paris

At this Coronation time men and women from all parts of the Empire are taking part in a great voluntary migration back to these islands.

Canadian Prime Minister

GREAT WAR NAMES AT THE CROWNING

Kitchener, Jellicoe,
and Haig

Youth in its brightest and most decorative dress will wait on the King and Queen in the Abbey, as their Majesties pages.

Eight wait on the King and eight on the Queen, and among the King's pages are three who bear names never to be forgotten by those who remember the Great War. They are Earl Kitchener, Earl Haig, and Earl Jellicoe. Those who first bore the names have passed on, their duty in this world done, and it was by the King's own wish that the tribute of choosing their heirs as his pages should be paid to their memory.

Earl Kitchener is 19 and is the grand-nephew of the soldier who lies somewhere in the deep waters of the North Sea. Earl Jellicoe and Earl Haig, of the same age, are the sons of famous fathers, of whom one kept the seas for England in the war, and the other commanded her armies on the stricken fields of Flanders.

Nearly Fifty Pages

All the other King's pages are younger, and among them are Viscount Lascelles, nephew, and Alexander Ramsay, cousin, of the King.

The attendant pages are not the only ones. There are pages to carry the coronets of all the great officers of State, as well as of the Officers of the Household. There can be few short of 50 pages in all; and one of the odd conventions of the Coronation is that they are all under the control of the Master of the Horse.

They have a very attractive uniform, a kind of bright Court dress, with knee breeches, and stockings, and they carry a small dress sword with a pommel made like a horse's head to show their connection with the Master of the Horse. Each carries under his arm a three-cornered hat, which must never be put on.

LETTING LONDON KNOW

Gunfire at the Tower

Among the busiest citizens in the Empire on Coronation Day will be the company of amateurs entrusted with a task of great dignity and antiquity.

It is the Honourable Artillery Company, which has the honour of being gunners to the Tower of London.

With their guns on the historic wharf by the riverside in the Tower they will fire 62 rounds, beginning at the moment the crown is set on the King's head.

Not one in a thousand would guess how the number of rounds comes to be made up. Twenty-one rounds constitute a royal salute, and 21 are for the Tower itself, which is a royal palace and fortress. There remain the odd twenty; those are for the City of London, which, having one short of the number honouring the Tower, is gently and discreetly reminded that when these ceremonies were planned the worthy burgesses of the City had to be kept in their place.

The Honourable Artillery Company is one of our oldest military forces, set up by Henry the Eighth 400 years ago to encourage citizens in the science of artillery, which then consisted of long-bows, crossbows, and handguns. In 1641 the regiment obtained a training ground at Bunhill Fields, and still retains it.

A SHIP LEAPS UP FROM THE SEA

Up from the bed of the sea bounded 25,000 tons of steel when a German battleship, scuttled at Scapa Flow, came suddenly to the surface.

After the divers had sealed all the openings in the hull, air was pumped in till the huge mass of metal was light enough to come to the surface.

The Only Empty Chair on the Route



Abraham Lincoln facing the Abbey, with a fine seat for the American Ambassador

When the Beacons Blazed in England

At a time when many a hill and headland will flare with a Coronation beacon it is thrilling to read Macaulay's stirring story of how in Armada year the warning fires flashed their call to arms in England's hour of need.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-red light:
Then bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;
And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike ergand went;
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent.

Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales;
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till, streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

WORLD'S PEACE DAY Welsh Children's 16th Broadcast Message OVER 70 COUNTRIES REPLY

Every country throughout the world has its days of celebration—Independence Day, Empire Day, the anniversary of some great battle or of a famous man.

One of these days of celebration is common to all countries, east and west. On one day of the year they unite to proclaim the same thing, and it is comforting that the one object they desire to celebrate together is Peace.

May 18 is World Peace Day, Goodwill Day, when the very air is vibrating with messages of peace from one country to another, from broadcasting stations all over the world.

It was the children of Wales who in 1922 sent out the first world radio message of peace. There was no reply that year, nor the next; but in 1924 came two replies, and last year the children of over 70 countries sent messages back, and broadcasting stations all over the world had special peace programmes.

A Garden of Peace

Beside the broadcast replies, many are sent by telegram and post, and many take such beautiful forms that a display of the replies for the year is arranged in various Welsh towns. The children at La Plata in Argentina have even been inspired to start a garden of peace, in which they have planted a symbolical flower or tree for every country—a rhododendron for Switzerland, tulips for Hungary, daffodils for Wales, and so on.

Again this year, on May 18, the broadcast from Wales will take place, and this is the children's message for 1937:

Boys and girls everywhere, we, boys and girls of Wales, send you once again our message of hope and good cheer.

In a world in which there is so much strife and so much suffering we are glad to think that, on this Goodwill Day, greetings are being sent through the air from children to children, and that over the five continents and across the seven seas youth calls to youth that it wants to live for peace.

We are glad also that in so many countries foremost men and women, not yielding to despair, are bidding people in all lands rebuild the walls of peace. Faith and firm resolve can do it. Let us say to the whole world it must be done.

And on this day, and in this notable year, we would dedicate ourselves with you all to the service of mankind.

Science has made us neighbours: let goodwill keep us friends.

What the Pessimist Will Say

Yes, the pessimist may say; it is a charming idea, but what is the good of it? Look at the children of Spain, whom war is killing with bombs from the air, or robbing of their homes and parents. Look at the children in Germany and Italy who are being taught that war is a fine thing, and that death on the battlefield is nobler than a life given to relieving suffering or working for peace.

That is true, we reply; but remember that it is only 38 years since the first Peace Conference was held at The Hague in Holland, the first time that peace was ever discussed between nations in a time of peace. It is but a little time, 38 years in all the history of civilisation, and a disease as rampant as war cannot be stamped out in a generation; but the children of Wales and the children of the world who reply to them are doing their share to bring goodwill on earth.

CORONATION WINDMILL

The famous landmark Old Willaston Windmill is being formally presented to the Urban Council of Neston, Wirral, to commemorate the Coronation. It has been saved by voluntary subscription.

HE CROWNED QUEEN ELIZABETH The Reluctant Bishop in Borrowed Robes

With the Coronation in his thoughts the Rector of Newton Kyme in Yorkshire has been looking through his old books, and among them is one with Queen Elizabeth's signature on the front page. She gave it to Owen Oglethorpe as a thankoffering for his services at her coronation.

Owen was rector of Newton Kyme in the 16th century. He was born there about 1509, and loved it, for it was a beautiful spot with green meadows by the Wharfe and a church which was old even then. A prebend of Ripon, Owen received the living of Newton in Oxfordshire from Cranmer. He had other livings and was very wealthy. He lived through stirring times, saw Henry the Eighth sweep away the monasteries, watched Edward the Sixth droop and die, and was made Bishop of Carlisle by Mary Tudor.

The Only Prelate Available

At fifty came the greatest and the most memorable moment of his life: he crowned Elizabeth. It was an honour he did not seek. He would have been glad for anyone else to have done it, and it is said that his conscience troubled him to the end. He had been brought up to the old faith, and Elizabeth was striking out into the new.

No one else could be found to crown the young queen. There was no Archbishop of Canterbury; the Archbishop of York refused to officiate; the Archbishop of Durham pretended he was too old and feeble. From London Elizabeth travelled to Yorkshire. In all her greatness she visited Owen Oglethorpe at Newton Kyme, where such pageantry had never before been seen. Together they talked over the coronation programme, and Bishop Oglethorpe consented to crown her, the last and greatest of the Tudors.

Rewarded with Nine Books

London was in high glee when the date of the coronation was announced for January 16, 1559. The streets were gaily decorated, much as they are today. Triumphal arches were built in Cornhill. There was brilliant colour everywhere, though the grey skies of mid-winter were overhead. The day before the coronation Elizabeth went in ceremonial procession from the Tower to Westminster, and the next morning she went on to Westminster Hall and then to the Abbey. As she entered the great church Oglethorpe met her, calling out, "Sirs, I present unto you Queen Elizabeth."

It is said he was wearing borrowed robes, and he is known to have been nervous all through the long ritual. With his own hand he anointed the Queen and placed the crown on her head.

When all the pomp and pageantry were over Owen Oglethorpe was glad to get back to his Yorkshire rectory, but before he went the Queen gave him nine books, in one of which she wrote her signature, adding the words: I give thee a small thing.

These books are still at Newton Kyme, relics of a coronation long past.

DRINK TO THE KING IN MILK

The children's Coronation toasts will be in milk.

There will be 40,000 children on the Victoria Embankment, cheering the King and Queen, and every one of them will have a carton of fresh milk presented to them by the Board of Education.

In the provinces all children taking part in Coronation festivities will get milk under the Milk-in-Schools Scheme.

Milk buffets and bars will be set up in most of the London parks (provincial parks please copy!), and in Hyde Park, close to the Marble Arch, a big milk bar will be open day and night.

The Seven Horses of the Coronation Route

DAUGHTERS are the thing, says Sir J. M. Barrie in one of his plays; and so they are. But in the Coronation Procession horses are the thing. The sight of Pall Mall filled with horses is a spectacle never to be forgotten.

There will be hundreds of horses in the procession, but we are thinking here of the Seven Horses of the Coronation Route standing immovable, watching history being made.

They are the work of the sculptor's hands, memorials in stone and bronze of the history that is past and of those who in their day made it. A king rides one of the horses, a royal duke another, and the unyielding soldier whom men called the Iron Duke rides a third. The British queen who defied the Romans looks on at the pageantry of the island heirs of Rome: St George, the Patron Saint of England, rises in his stirrups to salute the day with his sword. Peace crowns it with her blessing not once, but twice, which is as it should be.

Figures of Good Omen

Let us take the Seven Horses in order as they stand, as if at the very moment of arrested motion, while the King and Queen and all the King's horses and all the King's men pass by. The inanimate salute the living, but at the Sovereign's passing seem to wake to life.

The first on which the King's eyes will rest is of good omen, for it is Peace restraining War. Peace with her palm branches lays her hand on the reins of the prancing War Horse to curb its fierce vigour and hold it in check. These bronze figures of Peace and War came from the hands of W. R. Colton, and complete the memorial raised to the officers and men of the Royal Artillery who fell in that South African War which closed so sadly Queen Victoria's reign. This monument is opposite the Duke of York's Steps and not far from the Admiralty Arch.

A Statue of Sad Memories

As the royal procession passes through the Arch the statue of King Charles, on such a war horse as Van Dyck loved to paint, comes into view. It is a painter's horse rather than a sculptor's, and the bareheaded king on the saddle seems to ride not to war but to some gay pageant like that now passing him. His gaze seems to follow it as it passes down Whitehall.

Sad memories are joined to both king and statue. Horse and rider were the work of Hubert le Sueur, and the statue was cast in bronze to adorn a peer's park. During the Protectorate it disappeared at the time when other statues of Charles were removed from the fronts of the Royal Exchange and St Paul's. The Commonwealth Parliament sold it as old metal to John Rivet, a brazier, who hid it in a Fleet Street cellar. When the Restoration came this king with his horse did not come to his own again, and some of the men who tried the king were executed where it stands; but about 1676 the horse was again mounted on a pedestal paid for by Charles the Second, and made for it by his master mason Joshua Marshall.

Our Last Commander-in-Chief

There it has seen many monarchs come and go. It looked on James the Second, who saw it for the last time when he ran away. It welcomed Dutch William, and saw Queen Anne, the last of the Stuarts, go out and the Hanoverian Georges come in. It is in its way one of the most poignant footnotes to English history, and this horse of regal memories has the name of its sculptor proudly written on its hoof.

Within a bowshot of it down Whitehall is a humbler steed, the steady, workmanlike cavalry horse carrying the old Duke of Cambridge, at one time Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. Many

now living will remember his red and kindly face. King George the Sixth, when he was a small boy must have had a cheery word from this old warrior, who was his great-great-uncle and who had fought in the Crimea. The statue was set up in the reign of Edward the Seventh, who was the first to notice at its unveiling that the date of the death was wrongly inscribed on the pedestal.

It was our famous sculptor Adrian Jones who made this bronze horse, the first of the three from his studio which stand on the King's Coronation highway—a proud record for a veteran soldier sculptor, surely! It is the last horse the procession passes before it enters the Abbey. When it comes out again, with the multitudes acclaiming the crowned King, there are horses to meet it almost as it leaves the Abbey's precincts.

Boadicea's Horses

At the corner of Westminster Bridge and the Thames Embankment are horses foaming at the bit as they plunge forward to draw the chariot of Boadicea. They are the horses of war which the Queen of the Iceni loosed on the Roman tyrants. This noble monument is by Thomas Thornycroft, and on the east side of it are the poet Cowper's lines:

*Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway.*

The kingly heir to the regions Caesar never knew will pass by Boadicea to turn along the Embankment and up Northumberland Avenue. Here his procession will again pass by Charles Stuart, whose charger is the only horse of the Coronation Route to play this double part in it. Some horses there are, like that of George the Third in Cockspur Street, which might have had a share in this reflected glory, but this equestrian statue by Matthew Wyatt can neither see nor be seen, because, for some obscure reason, it is shrouded in boarding, and only the protruding tail tells it is among those present. Rather absurd the tail looks on this impressive route.

St George and the Dragon

No other horse stands forth till, on the procession's return journey, it passes Stanhope Gate of Hyde Park. Here the triumphant horse of St George rears its noble head above the stricken dragon beneath its hoofs, while the Warrior Saint of England holds high his sword as if in salute. It salutes on Coronation Day the King; on other days, for many days past and many to come, it salutes the memory of the gallant riders, cavalymen all, who fell in the war. The sculptor was the old soldier Captain Adrian Jones, and this is his last sad tribute to the cost of war, in the lives of the brave men of the whole Commonwealth of British nations given for freedom.

As the royal pageant leaves Hyde Park the King will look on the horse which carried the Duke of Wellington through a war fought to release England and Europe from tyranny. Outside Apsley House, where he lived, at whose windows he put up iron shutters to keep out the mob, the Iron Duke sits easily on his charger Copenhagen; and it may seem to some that here is a pledge that from century to century always a man will arise to hold the bridge for England and the English. The Iron Duke has a telescope in his right hand.

The Old War Horse

Beneath horse and rider, Sir Edgar Boehm sculptured a Grenadier, a Highlander, a Welsh Fusilier, and an Inniskilling Dragoon as supporters; but most eyes turn to the old war horse Copenhagen, who long outlived all his battles. He died just over a century ago. We have talked to a scholarly old gentleman, still remembered by hundreds as Old Parson Tuckwell, who when he was a boy on his way by

THE BROKEN MELODY

Sad Day For the Old Fiddler of Warwickshire

Many thousands of folk in Shakespeare's country (and certainly all who have read Arthur Mee's book of Warwickshire) know of the Old Fiddler of Ilmington.

Long before the BBC there was music in the air in that romantic spot where the lovely plains of Warwickshire rise up to the Cotswolds. Villagers and visitors alike have there been entertained for many years at the cottage with a maypole in the garden. It is a cottage Cecil Sharp knew well, and many others who knew not the fiddler's name, Samuel Bennett, Fruit and Bramble Merchant.

Everywhere in Warwickshire is the fame of this old fiddler, for, dressed in his quaint Morris smock and cap, he

has fiddled for over half a century. He has played in Canada to folk who love the tunes of Shakespeare's country, and his concord of sweet sounds has been heard at every folk dance festival for miles round his own home.

Now the strings of Sam Bennett's 300-year-old fiddle are as mute as those of

*The harp that once
through Tara's
halls*

*The soul of music
shed.*

Not very long ago, as he was climbing a ladder into his hayloft,

the ladder slipped, throwing him badly and smashing an elbow. Fortunately they have been able to save his arm, but he cannot yet say when, if ever, he will be able to play his fiddle again.

"Fancy my fiddle hanging to rest after 55 years of playing," he writes to us, lamenting that he cannot now go out to play and to interest the children. Sad, too, is he that he will not be able to play for the Coronation. He has written to the King telling him how he had played at his great-grandmother's Jubilees and at the Coronations of King Edward and King George, and was hoping to play at this Coronation, but had had an accident and could only wish him God's blessing. Now one of the fiddler's cherished possessions is a letter from the King's secretary thanking him for his good wishes.

All of us will extend these good wishes to the fiddler himself.

Continued from the previous column

coach to Winchester, saw this old horse in his paddock at Stratfieldsaye, between Reading and Basingstoke. There Copenhagen would canter up to the hedge when the coach went by. In the paddock he spent his last days in peace, and in it was buried.

The trumpet's clarion call seems to sound about most of the horses of the Coronation Route; but as the King and Queen near their home, after their long ride of 12 miles, and pass beneath the arch of Constitution Hill, the trumpet is stilled, for the great Quadriga over the arch (which Adrian Jones placed there to complete it) is the four-horsed chariot of Peace. Peace with her wings and horses is the last victor. The horses champ and rear beneath her, but she holds them easily, and in one hand raises the crown of victory and in the other the olive branch of peace.

So the last to welcome the crowned King home, as she was the first to salute him on his way to the Abbey, is Peace. May all his ways be hers!

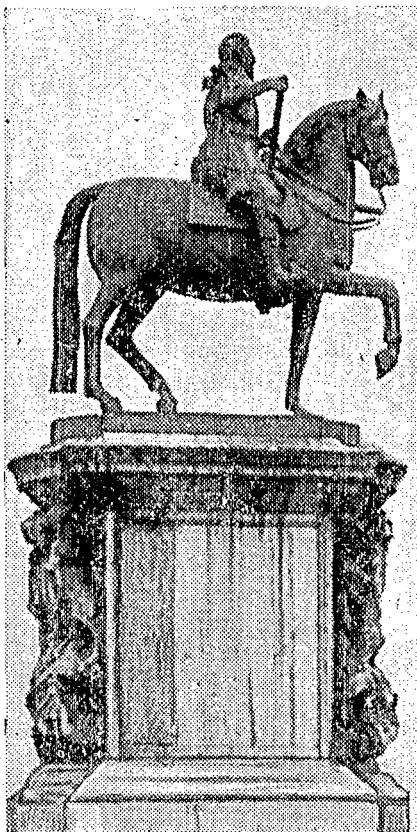


Samuel Bennett

The Horses That Stand Immovable as the King Goes By



The Horses of Peace at Hyde Park Corner



King Charles's Horse



Peace with her Horse in The Mall



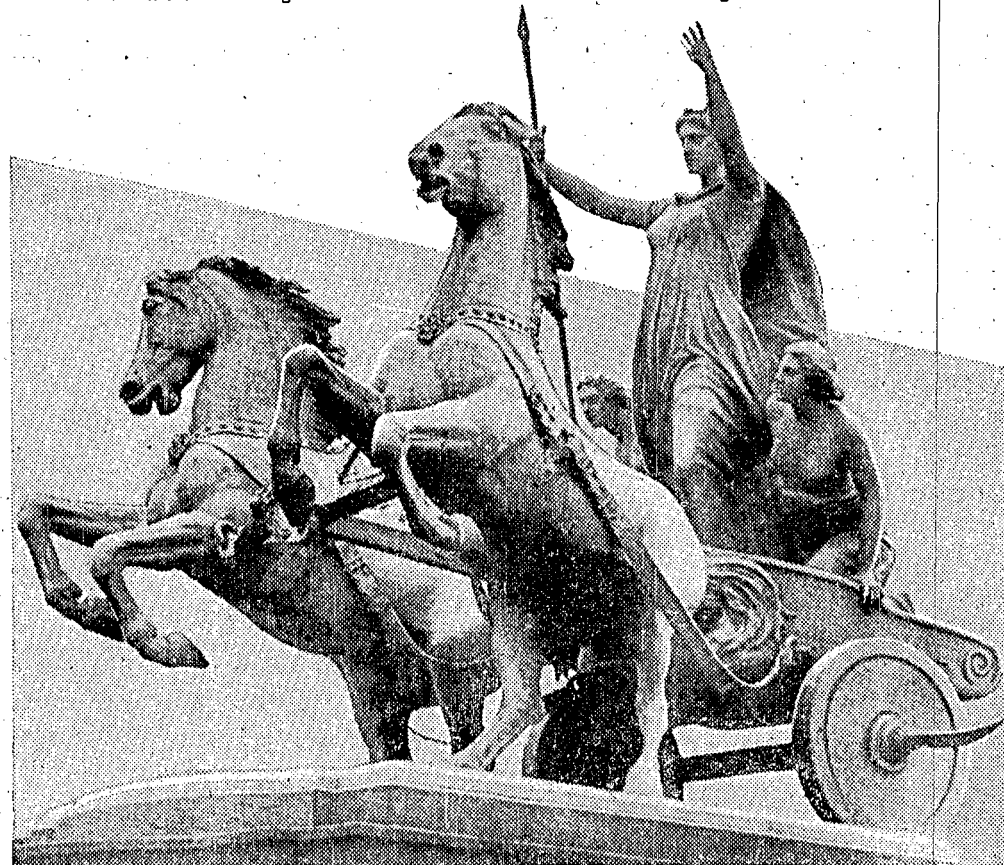
The Duke of Cambridge on his Steed



Wellington on his Horse



The Horse of St George at Stanhope Gate



The Horses of Boadicea's Chariot

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 15 1937

A Prayer For the King and His People

This prayer, written by the Poet Laureate, Mr John Masefield, is in the official Coronation Programme published by King George's Jubilee Trust.

○ GOD, the Ruler over earth and sea,
Grant us Thy guidance in the reign to be:

Grant that our King may make this ancient land
A realm of brothers, working mind and hand

To make the life of man a fairer thing:
God, grant this living glory to the King.

Grant, to our Queen, the strength that lifts and shares
The daily burden that a monarch bears:

Grant, to them both, Thy holy help to give
The hopeless hope, the workless means to live:

The light to see, and skill to make us see,
Where ways are bad, what better ways may be:

And grace, to give to working minds the zest
To reach excelling things beyond their best:

Grant to them peace, and Thy diviner peace,
The joy of making human wars to cease:

Make wise the councils of the men who sway
The Britain here, the Britains far away:

And grant us all, that every rightness willed
In this beginning reign may be fulfilled.

A Prayer For Coronation Day

Lord bless this land. Bless all who live within the shelter of its flag.

Keep them and guard them wherever they may be. May we have patience and goodwill and that gift of tact which helps to keep life sweet; and may loyalty and love abound, and willing service enrich the common day. Light all the land with Thy presence, Lord. May dark days bring us nearer to each other and to Thee, and may good fortune fill our hearts with gratitude and praise.

Comfort and sustain those who grow old; strengthen all who bear the burden of the day.

Make our land Thy dwelling place, that all who come within our bounds may go away strengthened and enriched.

Amen

The Feast is Spread Through England For Rich and Poor Today

The Twelfth of May

Shout while ye journey home,
Songs be in every mouth;
Lo! from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South.

For a Queen Going To Her Crowning

A voice of greeting from the wind was sent,
The mists enfolded me with soft white arms,
The birds did sing to lap me in content,
The rivers wove their charms,
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face and smile to see me pass.

Front Page News

THERE is still left in the world, happily for us all, the sense of humour which makes a bus ride so enjoyable at times.

One of our humorists is the conductor of a Fleet Street bus who calls out as his bus pulls up at Alfred Harmsworth's bust: *Gentlemen of the Press, Fleet Street.*

An editor on his bus the other day congratulated him on his fine sense of relativity. "Ah (said he), you must be careful here. They can put you on the front page any day."

The No-Coffee Hotel

THE Hotel and Restaurant Association has issued its guide to about 900 hotels in this country.

We notice in it the well-known hotel on the London-to-Bath road where visitors may have anything they like to drink in the dining-room *except coffee.*

Lord Derby was saying the other day that there is no reason why English hotels should not be as good as Continental hotels. The trouble apparently is something to do with the lack of intelligence.

Back To The Homeland

THAT most remarkable feature of recent years, the return of emigrating Britons to their own country, continues. Last year British immigration into the United Kingdom totalled 47,244, while the number of Britons who left these shores was 29,836.

The new reluctance to emigrate is due to two things. The Dominions are not inviting immigrants; indeed, they frown upon them, and our own country presents more attractions to her own people than of old, despite the unemployment that still exists. The employed are better off in every way; the unemployed are not left to misery, as in the old bad days.

Not In Vain

How the May-flowering tulip lifts its cup
To the strong sunlight and the crashing rain!

Immortal flower, no heart thus lifted up
To hold God's will could live and die in vain.

Eva Gore-Booth

Her Branches Sweep The World

She stands a thousand-wintered tree,
By countless morns impearled;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

William Watson

Tip-Cat

A NEW suite of furniture makes a boy's bedroom look like a ship's cabin. Is it all bunk?



SOME artists suffer with swelled heads, says a speaker. It is usually their friends who do the suffering.

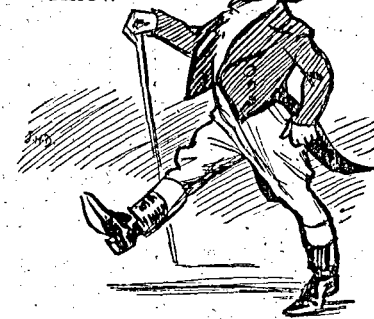
A MAN says he has been up against things all his life. Has leanings in many directions.

NEW bowler hats will be ventilated. So that people can talk through them.

EVEN pavement artists are going all patriotic. Drawing on flags.

A FOREIGN visitor wants to see all the sights of London. He will find plenty walking about the streets.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If you can make a stop watch go

AN all-night committee meeting arrived at no conclusion. The night did.

A GARDENER recommends everybody to have a water garden. They won't find weeding dry work.

ROBINS have built their nest in a lift. Feel sure humans won't let them down.

A MAN objected to the words "Paid with thanks" on a receipt. Said he paid with money.

A CROYDON schoolboy has been playing truant. He will have to be taken to task.

THE BROADCASTER

CN Calling the World

OF every 100 seamen signing on this year in the British Merchant Marine 97 are British.

BLIND men are being given free LCC permits to row on London's lakes.

At the End of the Day

What matters now? O Joyful day,
The King hath wiped all tears away.

This Day Will See Him Crowned

THIS day will see him crowned,
a People's choice,
A man of tried integrity and worth,
At whose anointing nations shall rejoice,
And love draw close the outposts of the earth.

From north to south, from east to west, let ring
The ancient prayer, with its exultant pride,
Its faith and fervent hope: *God save the King!*
Forever may Thy truth remain his guide.

This is no hour for narrow thought or creed,
Great Britain merges in a greater whole
Wherein, though blood and tongue show differing breed,
The welded Empire claims one mighty soul.

Through Canada and Australasian isle,
Through Africa and Indian land and sea,
Within the limits of the farthest mile
That owns our king as lord, God keep us free!

God grant this Sacring shed a living light
Across a stormy sky to point the way
Beyond the darkness of the passing night
To where, in peace, shall dawn a hallowed day. *Ierne Ormsby*

For the King and Nation

GOD bless our native land!
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore:
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.

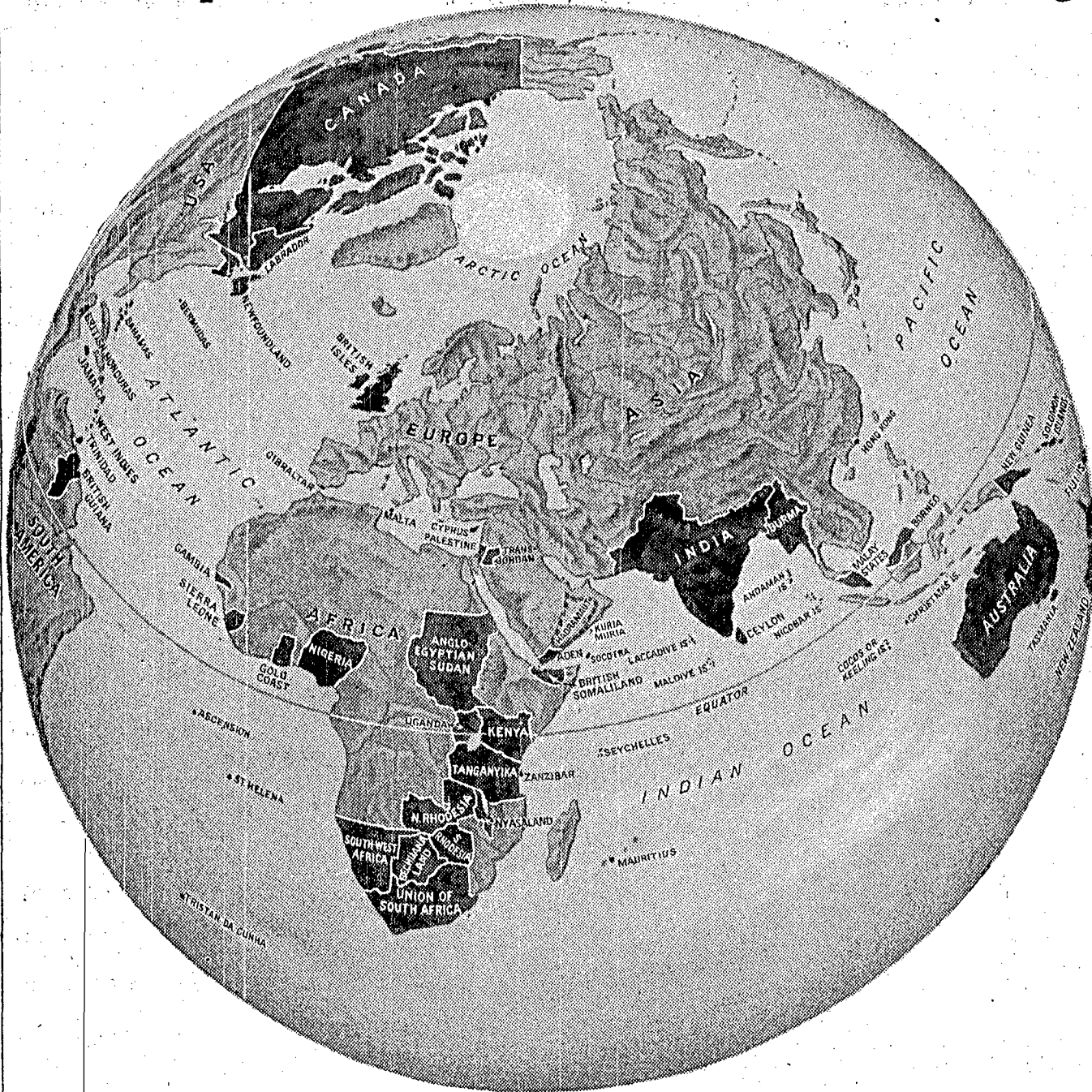
O LORD, our monarch bless
With strength and righteousness:
Long may he reign.
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

MAY just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle:
Home of the brave and free,
Thou land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

NOR on this land alone,
But be God's mercies known
From shore to shore:
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

Shakespeare on the Bus Strike
Jog on, jog on, the footpath way.

The Empire That Will Listen To the Crowning



God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,

Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

THE INCREDIBLE WONDER OF THE CORONATION BROADCAST

The Far-Flung Empire Hears It Before the Abbey Congregation

THE Coronation will be marked by marvels which, set down in sober truth, must seem to the uninformed like the wildest romance of the impossible.

From the entrance of the King and Queen into the Abbey until they leave it crowned two and a half hours will elapse, and every detail of ritual, every word uttered, will be broadcast to the whole civilised world.

Taking noon as the central moment of the ceremony, some (the people of Sydney, for example) will hear it at ten o'clock that night, New Zealand at half an hour before midnight, New York at seven o'clock in the morning, Calcutta at half-past five in the evening, San Francisco at four in the morning.

Wherever they are, on this side of the world or down under, in China, in Canada, in Australia, in India, in the United States, or in the farthest Pacific island, listeners, whatever the local hour with them, will actually hear the ceremony before most of the thousands assembled at it in Westminster Abbey.

How can such a seeming impossibility be brought to pass? The fact is that the Abbey congregation will hear the service as the sound of voices travels to them as air-waves, which have a velocity of only 1118 feet a second. Wireless waves, however, travel with the speed of light, so that their message is delivered in-

stantaneously. They will carry the tones of voice and musical instruments completely round the earth in the 25th of a second; in that time the sound in the Abbey will have travelled by air only 44 feet.

Therefore it is a fact that a man with a wireless set in the Australian bush, in the Indian jungle, or in a lonely shack on the Canadian prairie will hear the ceremony sooner than those who have come from the ends of the earth to see it in the Abbey.

Taking advantage of this marvellous gift of science, it is proposed that the singing of the National Anthem at the ceremony should be shared, not only by those in the Abbey, but by those assembled outside, and by families and congregations assembled to listen throughout the Empire.

Had such an attempt at timing and understanding been possible in times gone by history would have been spared one of its tragedies. As the Conqueror stood at the Abbey altar for his coronation, and Archbishop Eldrid asked the Saxon congregation if they would have him as their king, the Norman guards outside the Abbey mistook the roar of "Yea, yea!" for an outburst against William. Imagining that the Saxons were murdering him, they threw lighted torches on the straw roofs of the build-

ings about them in order to divert attention from the interior of the Abbey.

The congregation rushed out; the Normans fell on them with heavy slaughter. William, left alone at the altar with only the Saxon priests about him, turned pale and trembled, for he knew that in a moment Saxon hands might strike him dead. In truth no treachery was attempted, but the misunderstanding led to a conflict which ran like fire over the land and was not checked until blood had flowed as far north as York itself.

Carrying on the Coronation Spirit

Men and women of the Stanton Iron-works, near Nottingham, will have good cause to remember the Coronation gratefully.

There are 14,000 of them, and their employers have established a Coronation Trust on their behalf, to produce £350 a year. The fund will not be drawn upon to meet the calls of insurance, or pensions, or sick relief, but will be employed to give help in hard cases.

It is called a general benevolence fund, and as it will be administered by a committee of the employees it is sure to go where it is most wanted.

AUSTRALIA NOT A WEEK AWAY

A young man in grey flannels and a white pullover stepped out of his plane at Hanworth one night last week. Six days before that he had been in Australia.

He was Mr H. F. Broadbent, who had flown before in the opposite direction over the route. This time he had broken the record by flying from Australia to England, at Lympne, in 6 days, 10 hours, 55 minutes. The previous record, made in 1935 by Mr H. L. Brook, took a day and a half longer. Mr Brook, however, has just made another record by flying home from the Cape in four days.

Young Mr Broadbent had travelled light, with a hatbox and a sponge bag, and he made as light of his feat. He declared that it was dangerous and uncomfortable, and he was far from sure that it was useful. But alone he did it, and his only drink was water.

A Little Party From Rhodesia

Ten of the happiest old men in the Empire have been sent from South Africa to see the Coronation.

They are all over 70, all Rhodesian stalwarts who have done duty in the Army, and they have been sent over by a rich mine-owner who wished to give them a treat.

From Rhodesia also has come a little company of 14 Girl Guides. The youngest of the party, Pat Campbell, is still a schoolgirl, having celebrated her 16th birthday on the ship coming from South Africa. She had never seen the sea before she joined the Winclister Castle for Southampton.

The Trawler Among the Battleships

At Northumberland Dock on the Tyne lies the most modern trawler of the Tyne fleet.

She is the White Pioneer, and is being robed in her Coronation dress, for she has been chosen to represent the Fishing Fleet at the King's Review at Spithead.

She will leave dock on Whit Monday with all her fishing gear aboard and her own skipper and crew. Three days later she will lie alongside the greatest ships of the Navy and our most famous merchantmen.

Big Eyes

O-Muk-A-Pinni will be the only Indian from Western Canada to see the Coronation.

She is 17, and belongs to the Blackfoot tribe. Her long name means Big Eyes, and her grandfather was a famous man. He was Joe Healy, chief of the tribe, and the great scout who acted as interpreter for the Mounted Police. Big Eyes also owns a proud British name—she is Nora Gladstone, and the envy of her nation.

The Shops Are Doing Well

All the year British shops have been selling more than in the same period of last year.

The March increase in sales is remarkable and no doubt in part due to the Coronation, but when all allowance is made for that happy event there must have been a great advance in general purchases.

The Baptism Bell

The little son of Lieutenant E. D. Norman has had a novel christening. The ceremony took place at Portland dockyard, and the bell of submarine L 27 did duty as a font.

London is Ready For the Biggest Show in the World

THE biggest show in the world is nearly here. By night or by day, in sunshine or in shower, Coronation London is a sight to linger in the memory.

We have known dazzling pageantry in the past, but never has there been such harmony in colour and design along the Processional Way.

In other days the whim of the individual ran riot on such an occasion, everyone seeking to rival his next-door neighbour in the decoration of his house, while local authorities would clash in their schemes for the streets and other places, often ignoring what the Government itself was doing. But this year, led by the Office of Works, all the local authorities through whose areas the King and Queen will show themselves to the people have done all they can to make the decorative scheme a harmony of colour, and to influence the owners of houses on the route to combine in order that big effects can be obtained on wide frontages.

Most of the streets through which the pageant will pass are in the City of Westminster, but in the north the borough of Marylebone and in the east the City are decorating their highways for the royal processions. The Office of Works, too, are responsible for the routes through the parks, as well as for many of the stands lining Westminster's streets. The authorities of all these bodies have come together on a plan, pooling their ideas, as it were, though paying for their own regions.

Colour and Pageantry on the Coronation Route

COLOURS with their insistent call to joy and gladness are, of course, the foundation of all great spectacles, and order, design, and dignity are needed in order that the colours shall have their full effect.

The authorities therefore appointed three architects to prepare schemes, and the artists authorised the British Colour Council to issue a book (Bunting Colours) which gives the selected colours—red, blue, green, gold, and white.

These colours are gay without being garish, and to ensure that they should be used with dignity the Westminster City Council appointed Mr. Grey Wornum to decorate the four miles of their streets on the Coronation Route, and also the Strand and the Victoria Embankment, which will be used in the royal procession to the City on May 19. Marylebone Council, with its Oxford Street frontage, came into this scheme.

Westminster invited all owners and occupiers of buildings on the route to form committees and to seek advice from Mr. Wornum, with the result that most of the colour schemes harmonise.

Westminster has spent £23,000 on decorations and Marylebone £7,000 altogether on Coronation festivities.

The first thing that strikes us as we take a rapid survey of the Procession Route is the complete transformation of London by the huge stands which have been built in square and garden, in park and court, on roof and terrace (even on Charing Cross Railway Bridge), and in tiers up the sides of buildings.

St. James's Church in Piccadilly has been almost completely hidden from view, and high on the roof of a building nearby rises a stand which must surely be the loftiest of all. Notable, too, are the stands on vessels moored beside the Victoria Embankment.

Thousands of Seats and Acres of Gay Fabric

THE Government, through the Office of Works, has been the biggest constructor of all. The frontage of its stands is over three miles, and the rows of the seats, which include some 10,000 chairs, extend for 27 miles. One-tenth of the seats are roofed. Thousands of workmen have been employed in the making of the steel tubes, the shaping of the timber (all Empire-grown), the construction of the stands, and the preparation of fabric. Nearly 300 miles of tubing have been used, weighing 4000 tons. The plain-coloured fabric on the stands would completely cover a field of six acres, while 12,000 feet of coloured fabric have been used to make them gay.

In the decorations set up by the Office of Works it is the array of flags and banners which are most imposing. From tall silver-grey masts capped with the Imperial lion and Crown hang red or white banners emblazoned with the royal arms from end to end of the Hyde Park route. From similar masts in Constitution Hill and the Mall hang blue and gold banners as well. Trophies of flags grace the feet of the columns of Hyde Park Corner, the Marble Arch, the Wellington Arch, and the Admiralty Arch, while garlands and flowers add to their splendour.

Boxes of flowers (bold flowers like rhododendrons, hydrangeas, blue cinerarias, white marguerites, and azaleas) are a prominent feature on Government buildings, rivalling with their colours the flags which hang on horizontal flag-staffs jutting from Whitehall's parapets.

Whitehall will cease for this month to justify its time-honoured name, for gay colours will hide most of its white stones.

In the display of flags the Dominions are well represented, and a special compliment to our fellow-citizens overseas is seen in Northumberland Avenue, where on a Government building the flags of the Dominions and Colonies grouped in colours above draped aprons of red and gold wave their greetings to the many emblems and flags on the Royal Empire Society's new building. Colour and elaborate design enter into the masts from this point forward, the masts being red, white, gold, and blue, with a red-swathed device just below a golden crown; it recalls the Maypole, and every boy, we are sure, would love to set it spinning. A simpler device of dainty design encases the refuge posts in the middle of the streets, standing 13 feet high and looking for all the world as if a chessman were popping up like a jack-in-the-box to see the King go by.

Green takes the place of blue in Cockspur Street, a delicate compliment to Canada's maple-leaf emblem; Pall Mall has only red, white, and gold, but blue comes back into the decorations for the rest of the street route. Regent Street is rich in flowers, thousands of blooms coming to join the lovely little garden always flowering on the canopy of the New Gallery Kinema. Liberty's has an exquisite mass of pale pink and pale blue hydrangeas, and laurel chaplets bound in silver wind round the great columns of the frontage.

The Wonderful Sculptured Panels of Oxford Street

OTHER famous firms in Regent Street and Oxford Street have adopted this idea of flowers, and simple but effective decoration. It is all to the good, and we have learned much from past experience. No longer are the great festoons of coloured, dirt-collecting paper to sweep across streets from mast to mast, from lamp-post to lamp-post, impeding views and endangering traffic. The only difficulty will be in taking our eyes away from the gay scenes, especially from the most magnificent Sculpture Gallery Mr. Selfridge has set up in Oxford Street.

Selfridges will be adorned with sculptured panels along its front to show all and sundry, Londoners and visitors, what they should never forget about Little Britain and Greater Britain. The first panel will open the page of their history at Stonehenge, the second will show the British Queen Boadicea who came near to burning London to the

ground when a Roman garrison held it for Suetonius Paulinus of Rome.

The third panel, though it depicts Britain under Roman rule, shows the island at its never-ceasing device of absorbing its invaders. The fourth is the legend of King Arthur and his Round Table, and the fifth the Onslaught of the Vikings which ended in the raiders becoming part and parcel of the English.

Then arrives William the Conqueror, whose thieving barons took longer to settle down; but settle down they did and struck a good blow for the old country when, as the eighth panel shows, they compelled the worst king England had suffered till that day to seal Magna Carta at Runnymede.

Merchant Adventurers and Drake and His Admirals

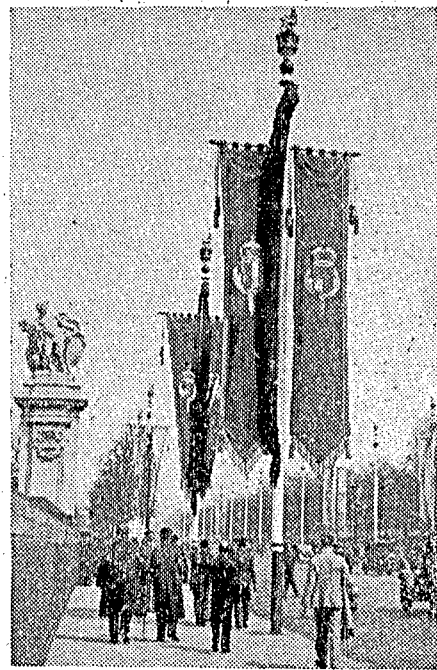
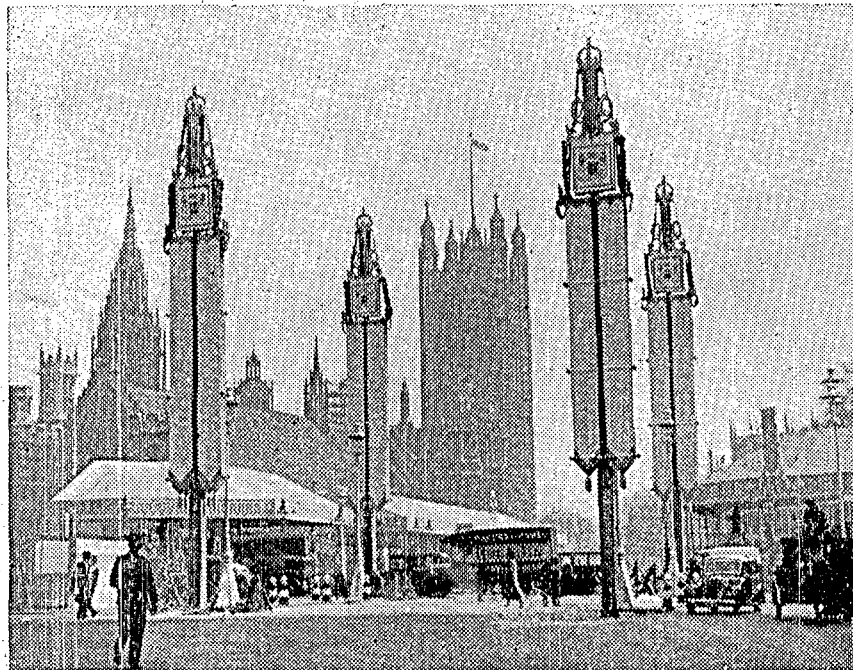
THEN follows a scene which is significant of the binding together of England in one kingdom, because it shows Plantagenet Edward presenting the infant prince on his shield to the people of Wales. The Prince of Wales was to bear the motto *Ich Dien* (I serve), and here the future of kingship is foreshadowed.

It suffers a setback in the next panel of the Wars of the Roses, which were redeemed from the memory of sordid cruelty because they laid low the nobles and the feudal system and made way for the birth of democracy. This was on its way with the Merchant Adventurers, Cabot, Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins, of the succeeding panel, and was firmly on its feet when Drake and his fellows, Admirals All, wrecked the Armada.

That fight and the fight for democracy were all but over when Oliver Cromwell comes on the panorama of the Selfridge panels; and now draws near the expansion of Britain into Greater Britain. It is signalled by panels of Clive of India, of Wolfe capturing Quebec, and of Cecil Rhodes and South Africa. Australia should be there also, but her presence is noted in the last panel, of the Armistice.

This is the tale of the Empire's history as told in Oxford Street. It is supported at the corners by statuary to represent the Dominions and India, and completed by a centre-piece of the Empire's homage to the Throne.

In this way Oxford Street will daily and nightly tell the story of the Empire's birth, and all London in its own way will mark its rejoicing. The Coronation Route is one of the sights of the world today, and we may be sure that neither King nor people will ever forget it.



London streets in their Coronation dress—Ludgate Hill in the City, the crowned masts by the Houses of Parliament, and the banners in the Mall

The Scene of Great Splendour in the Shrine of Our Immortals

WITHIN a few hours we shall all be in spirit in the presence of the solemn and splendid ceremonial in Westminster Abbey, the shrine of English kings, which links us with our King as one people.

There will be millions who will hear the spoken words which consummate the union. There will be 7000 within the Abbey who will see the rites with their own eyes, and join in the acclamations as they proceed to their glorious end. There will be millions waiting in the London streets who will picture for themselves the scene in the Abbey during those hours, which are among the most momentous in the life of a Sovereign and his subjects.

To these multitudes must be added the myriads in the far corners of the globe, wherever the flag of England flies, who will picture it from afar, and count it as part of their experience.

Westminster Abbey Filled With a New Beauty

AT the centre of it all is the Abbey, the scene of great splendour, the theatre of the wondrous drama of the crowning of the Sovereign. It is the jewel of the Imperial crown. Its walls, raised by kingly piety, enriched by every device of art and architecture, make it a casket of English history, a fit receptacle for the highest and noblest of rituals. Adorned for the Coronation it loses some of the austere grandeur of long-drawn aisles and pillared vault. Its walls are half hidden in stands and galleries decked in cloth of blue and amber. There are tiers of seats all along the nave. At the angles of the transepts are other stands, and in the transepts the white upholstered chairs of the peers and peeresses. In the area below the steps of the altar are the King's box on the south side and the Queen's box opposite.

Five broad steps up for the King lead to the dais where the crowning takes place, and facing the altar stands St Edward's Chair, on whose ancient seat the King will be crowned. South of the area in front of the royal box are two chairs with kneeling-stools in front of them, where King and Queen kneel to receive the Archbishop's blessing.

Massed Choirs and a Glittering Throng

THIS is the scene as it is set before the King and Queen arrive, and as thousands of privileged subjects are taking their places. To its details may be added the presence of the massed choirs of the Abbey, St Paul's, the Chapel Royal, and the Temple over the organ screen and the King's Scholars of Westminster School high up in the triforium.

One would have to arrive very early at the Abbey to see all these furnishings untenanted, for some officials arrive as early as 5 o'clock. With the spectators the adornment of stands and galleries is obliterated by a new glow of colour, as uniforms and dresses fill the seats. The soberest of all is the men's Court dress, black with silk stockings and a glitter of a sword.

Here are the peers in crimson and ermine, the peeresses in their silks and satins. Judges bewigged and gowned; mayors with their chains of office, add their notes of colour to a scene magnificent in itself, but more so because of the presence among the glittering throng of men of every shade of distinction in Great and Greater Britain.

As the hours lessen to minutes the scene grows ever more dazzling. The processions of the Princesses, the Royal Dukes and Duchesses, with their pages and attendants, add to its brightness, and there is a continual rising and bowing from the galleries and stands as they pass to their seats. Then the first

intimation that the great moment is at hand is signalled by the appearance of the Maharajahs of India in the jewelled splendour of their attire, a fortune in some of their turbans, as they pass to their places in the choir, and the arrival of the other princes and potentates of friendly nations who have ridden from Buckingham Palace in the procession.

At last come the King and Queen. All the assemblage rises. Above the organ screen ascend the many-voiced strains of the psalm, 'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord; and, higher and shriller than that, comes the clamour of the Westminster boys' voices as they greet first the Queen, as she enters the Abbey, and then the King with shouts of *Vivat Regina Elizabeth, Vivat Rex Georgius*, followed by *Vivat! Vivat! Vivat!* This is all that remains of the Latin service used for the last time more than three centuries ago when another Queen Elizabeth was crowned.

The processions pass along the broad blue carpet between the bowing people to the accompaniment of the voices. The Queen comes first, with a long and sumptuous train borne by the Mistress of the Robes and other chosen ladies, and accompanied by a bright-plumaged flock of the Queen's Ladies and Women of the Bedchamber.

A Stately Procession to the Sanctuary

THEN the King! His procession, a vision of unsurpassed dignity, is no mere parade of imposing costume and insignia. Each person in it has by his person, his office, or his name, a historical significance. The regalia, brought the night before to repose by ancient custom in the Abbey, is borne before the Sovereign. The Kings-at-Arms, from Garter King to Lyon and Maltravers, precede him, and his crimson robes of state are borne by four pages in scarlet and gold. The Bishop of London bears the Bible in front of him, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York are his companions.

In this kingly procession are the Estates of the Realm. Knights of the Garter in their blue mantles, Barons of the Cinque Ports in scarlet cloaks, the Lord Mayor of London with the attendant crystal mace, Field-Marsals and Admirals of the Fleet, the Lord High Constable, the Great Officer of the Household, the Earl Marshal, and others who bear the Sceptre and the Orb, the Swords of Justice and Mercy. They pass to the Sanctuary, which becomes the theatre of a culminating splendour. Its north side is lined by scarlet-robed bishops and deans, its south side by the daughters of the King and Queen and other ladies of the royal house. The regalia is solemnly laid on the Altar.

The Solemn Service and the Crowning of the King

WHEN all is ready the Archbishop of Canterbury advances first toward the Altar; then, with the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, the Earl Marshal, and Garter King-at-Arms, to the other sides of the Theatre; while the King stands up and shows himself to the people. The Archbishop then says:

Sirs, I here present to you King George the Sixth, the undoubted King of this Realm. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?

And all the people cry *God save the King*, with one voice, while from the triforium the Westminster Scholars shout *Vivat! Vivat! Vivat!* Trumpets sound. The people have accepted their King.

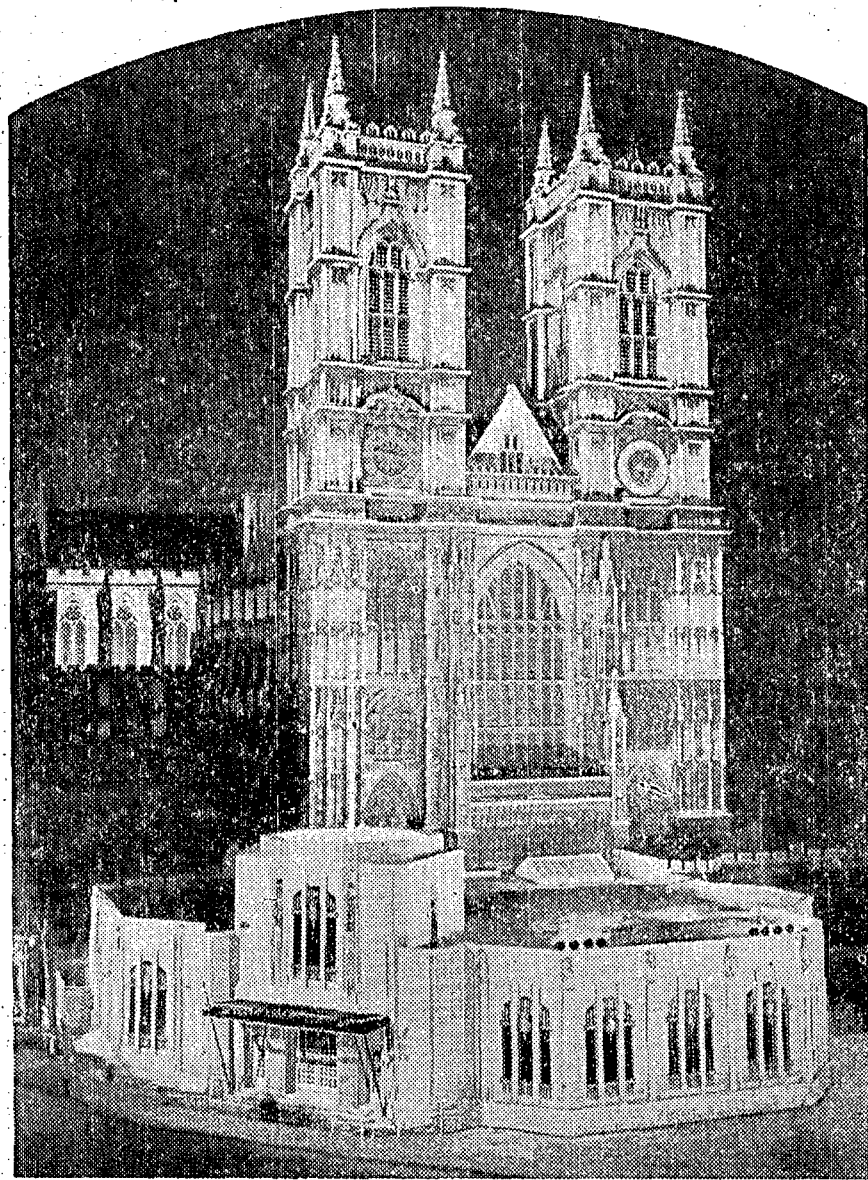
A religious service follows, and at its end the Oath is taken by the King. The Archbishop asks if he is willing to

take it, and the King answers *I am willing*. Then the Archbishop asks if the King will solemnly promise and swear to govern the peoples of Great Britain and the Dominions according to the Statute in Parliament agreed on; and the King answers, *I solemnly promise so to do*.

From now onwards the order of the Coronation can be followed by those who hear the questions and the responses in the wireless loudspeakers, almost as if they were looking on at the ceremony, and in some ways better, because the King's *I wills* will be so clearly dis-

All after seems only the postscript to this, but there are many beautiful things yet to be said and done in the Abbey. There is the Homage, first rendered by the Archbishop, and, following him, by the bishops and the great nobles. Again the drums are beaten, and again the people cry "God save the King."

And now there is the lovely ceremony of the anointing and crowning of the Queen, as she kneels and Queen Edith's crown is placed on her head. As this is done all the peeresses raise their arms in unison to place on their own heads the coronets they have been holding in



Westminster Abbey and the Coronation annexe floodlighted

tinguishable. At the last of them he has knelt before the Altar, laying his hand on the Gospel in the Great Bible to make oath and say:

The things I have here before promised I will perform and keep. So help me God.

Then the King is first disrobed of his crimson robes of state to be anointed. The sacred vestments are put on him, and he is clothed again, and invested with the Armilla like a bishop's stole, and after with the Imperial mantle. His heels are touched with the golden spurs, the Sword of State is exchanged for another to be girt on him and then laid on the Altar. One by one the King, now seated in St Edward's Chair, receives the Orb, the Ruby Ring, the Sceptres with the Cross and Dove.

Last and supreme moment, St Edward's Crown is lifted from the Altar, and by the Archbishop placed on the kingly head. All will know that moment, for they will hear the shout that rises to the Abbey roof to echo round the world. *God save the King.*

their laps. It is as if a bed of flowers had been suddenly swept by a breeze. Then, when Queen Elizabeth has received her Sceptre and her Ivory Rod, she advances with the Archbishop of York from the Altar, and as she passes the King she makes obeisance to him where he sits on his Throne. It is a most graceful and touching incident, and almost the last of the actual crowning. King and Queen take their places on thrones placed side by side. Nothing is left of the regal rite except its blessing by the partaking of the Holy Communion by those who have been the chief actors in it. For a moment before retiring to make ready with the Queen to meet their waiting people, the King stands almost alone, while the Abbey sinks to a last silence. Perhaps his eyes will be filled with tears at the thought of all this beauty and its solemn meaning. Certainly his heart will be filled with a deep emotion and a profound affection for his people, those he sees before him and those so far away.

This is the Way Through London Town To See the King in His Golden Crown

For six miles the King will ride through London town, for over four of them wearing his crown. For once we may sing to ourselves:

*Soon we'll be in London town,
See the King in his golden crown,*

knowing that it will all come true. We write elsewhere of the decorations, but let us not forget that for English people there are no

Buckingham Palace

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, where the King sets out for his crowning, is fixed in the affections of this generation by the remarkable meetings here between George the Fifth and his people.

Here in the days of James the First was a mulberry garden planted to encourage silk in England, and a hundred years after the death of Queen Elizabeth the Duke of Buckingham bought the garden and built himself a red-brick house. It came into the royal family when George the Third made it a Dower House for Queen Charlotte, and, having been transformed by Nash, it was made her London home by Queen Victoria. It was not until 1913 that Sir Aston Webb gave Buckingham Palace a new dignity with a splendid stone front 360 feet long, a balustraded roof, and three colonnades crowned with pediments. Round the forecourt of the Palace the railings are capped with nearly a thousand golden fleur-de-lis.

The Mall

THE MALL is our great Processional Way, just over half a mile long.

In the days of the Stuarts it was a wide open way, and along it Charles the First walked on a snowy morning to the scaffold. Now we can walk down it between a model British fleet, scores of little ships crowning the lamp-posts, with a green sward on our right and the raised terrace of the great houses on our left; it is Carlton House Terrace, home of prime ministers and famous folk. Rearing his head into the sky is the Duke of York on his column, 124 feet high, its foundations secure in 53 feet square of concrete. At the end of The Mall is the Admiralty Arch, set up in memory of Edward the Seventh; it was designed by Sir Aston Webb. In the centre of the three arches is a pair of splendid gates in which the lion and the unicorn guard the Processional Way.

Whitehall

WHITEHALL begins as Charing Cross and ends as Parliament Street; but for most of us all this is Whitehall, the heart of the government of one-quarter of the human race. Here Philip Sidney would tilt at the tourney before he died for England. Here Cromwell came by night, it is said, to look at the dead king, and here one stormy night he died himself. Here the last of the Stuarts crept away and disappeared, his dynasty fading with him for his country's good. Here the Thames came up and flooded the kitchens of the palaces, and here was a cockpit where the Privy Council is; for generations letters from the Treasury were headed Cockpit. Here was the scene of Cardinal Wolsey's rise and fall; here he lived with 800 servants, and his cook wore satin and velvet and a chain of gold.

Most of Whitehall, as we see it is of the last three centuries, though all about are ancient foundations, and the Banqueting House is by Inigo Jones.

Parliament Square

THERE is no square in England that means so much to us as Parliament Square, and its great architectural group is unequalled in London. Above it all rise the towers of Parliament, with the western towers and all the turrets of the Abbey looking up to them. On the

Whitehall side is the stately block of the Ministry of Health; in the shadow of the Abbey is little St Margaret's, and across the road is the medieval-looking building which the 20th century has added to this scene, Middlesex Guildhall. Amid all this that is so stately stands a group of famous men, magnificent in bronze: Abraham Lincoln looking out on this great scene, Oliver Cromwell guarding Parliament, Sir Robert Peel standing bareheaded as if addressing the House, Disraeli in his peer's robes, Palmerston carrying his mantle, Canning with a scroll, and the 14th Earl of Derby holding a dispatch.

Westminster Abbey

THE Abbey has been a sacred place for a thousand years and more, for even when Westminster was a marshy waste men came here to pray and build a shrine where they might worship God. We know little of it before the days of our Sainly Confessor, who built a splendid church for the Benedictine monks whose monastery was on the spot. He lived to consecrate the church, and in ten days they buried him, near where he lies, by the chair in which our kings have been crowned for 600 years.

The stones of the Confessor's church are in the ground, and a little Norman can be found by those who look for it, but the Abbey as we see it is the work of our English builders; it is one of its glories that it is so English. It was Henry the Third who pulled down the Confessor's chapel and built a greater one, Henry the Fifth whose chantry gave it a new splendour, and Henry the Seventh who crowned it with a wonder that holds us spellbound. Today it runs like a street of immortality for 500 feet from the west door, past the Unknown Warrior's grave, past Livingstone's and

six miles like these anywhere else to be found. It is six miles of the very heart of London, and in looking at them in their gay Coronation dress, with the streaming banners and the climbing poles and the miles of red, white, and blue, let us remember that behind all this gaiety is the old familiar London which is like nothing else in the world. We will peep at it here as Arthur Mee does in his new book on London, taking a few of the chief places on the Coronation route.

Newton's, up the steps of the Sanctuary, through the 15th century doorway to the Confessor's tomb, past the grave of Shakespeare's patriot king, and into the chapel of the Knights where lies the founder of our Tudor dynasty with 70 royalties about him, under a great stone roof hanging in space like lace.

Houses of Parliament

THERE can be little doubt that if we took a vote of London it would declare that the most magnificent of all the sights in the Great City is the riverside Palace of Westminster. It has been crumbling to pieces in our time so that it was possible to walk about it and take a handful away in hundreds of places, but it has been miraculously restored.

Queen Victoria came to the throne with no home for her Parliament, the old Houses having been burned down; but 97 architects sent in plans, Sir Charles Barry's were accepted, and in 1840 the first stone of the new house was laid. Its building lasted 17 years, and we can hardly be surprised, for it must be over half a mile round it. It covers eight acres, and has 14 stately halls and galleries, 8 official residences, 11 quadrangles, and more than 600 rooms.

After passing Parliament the royal coach will continue along the Embankment, and turning up Northumberland Avenue will reach Trafalgar Square.

Trafalgar Square

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, with Nelson looking down from the top of his great column, might be more beautiful, but it could hardly be more famous. Here we are at the heart of things, between Piccadilly and the Strand, with Whitehall down to Westminster in front, the National Gallery behind, Canada facing

South Africa across the Square, and, presiding over all this famous scene, two central figures, Nelson up aloft and Charles Stuart down below.

St James's Palace

FROM Trafalgar Square the royal way is along Pall Mall, the famous street of clubs, to St James's Palace.

It is the friendliest of all our palaces today, seeming to hold out arms to London and the people. We may walk through its courtyard at midnight, or all round it any day. The London Museum is next door. The Mall runs past its garden. From St James's Street the great Tudor Gatehouse with its clock tower beckons to its inner courts, its 16th-century oak doors still on their hinges. Through the gates is Colour Court, with Tudor walls and a 17th-century colonnade. The Tudor arch near the gateway leads into Ambassadors Court, through which we may walk, and round the other corner is Friary Court.

The Chapel Royal is open to visitors on Sundays by writing for tickets. It is famous for its choir, and has been famous for its organists. Every year at Epiphany (January 6) an offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh is made to the altar on behalf of the King. It is a chapel crowded with memories, one of the tragic nights being when Charles Stuart slept in the palace, the night before he went to the scaffold.

Passing the Royal Palace through the aristocratic St James's Street and into Piccadilly the procession will continue its way to Piccadilly Circus.

Piccadilly Circus

NOBODY knows how many millions pass this way by day and by night. By night it is one of the wondrous sights of the world, floodlit with hundreds of thousands of candle-power. Noon and midnight are the same in Piccadilly Circus. The cafés are always open, cars and taxis are always passing by; here is as ceaseless, as crowded, as eager a throng of pleasure-seeking people as a traveller will find anywhere in the world.

The Circus has the most marvellous underground station in Europe, and it has, enthroned in the centre of it, a delightful cupid worthy of the Golden Age of Greece. It is Sir Alfred Gilbert's Eros, set up in this scene of gaiety in memory of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who tried to bring a little more brightness into the lives of children.

Eros rises as a winged archer above a bronze fountain with two octagon basins set on steps, the basins decorated with little cupids. It was the first aluminium figure in London, if not anywhere.

Hyde Park Corner

FROM the Circus the procession goes by way of Regent Street and Oxford Street to Hyde Park Corner, the busiest corner of the world, with more than 80,000 vehicles passing every day round three islands. Looking down on it all, its back to Green Park and its face to Hyde Park Corner, is London's loveliest sculpture group—Peace riding on wings and horses above the stir of the town.

The Angel of Peace will be watching as the King and Queen approach Constitution Hill to ride down it to the Palace, and we may all pray that from that hour to the end of their reign the Angel of Peace will watch over them.

800 TWINS AT A KINEMA

THE Metro Kinema in Copenhagen not long ago gave a free matinée performance for twins of all ages.

It was a great occasion, so great that the crowds which gathered to see the audience arrive had to be kept back by policemen. There were 800 twins in all, plus a few parents, as some were too young to come alone. The film was called Twice Twins, and it seemed to appeal to all ages alike. Before the performance the audience itself was filmed, and there was a presentation of gifts to some of the oldest and youngest twins. Some embarrassment was caused when it was discovered that the youngest of all, a boy and a girl, were only four

months old, for no toys had been provided for visitors of so tender an age. But the pretty young mother who had brought them did not seem to mind, and the twins themselves were supremely unconscious of the unintentional slight.

When the request went forth that the oldest twins should present themselves a pair of brothers stepped proudly forth; but they had to retire in some confusion, for they were only seventy, and it turned out that there were two sisters who between them made up the formidable figure of 158. The two old ladies were assigned a box all to themselves, but, to the delight of all, each sister took one of the four-months-old twins in her lap!

AN ELEPHANT FOR THE BISHOP

GRATITUDE is a natural human impulse; cold indeed must be the heart of him who does not feel moved to express in some way a sense of benefits received.

The expression will vary according to our nature and capacity. It is possible to give less, but it is difficult to give more than your means will permit. The proprietor of a certain French circus gave the best that his circumstances provided.

A devout Roman Catholic, he felt that before starting on a lengthy tour he, his tent, and his crew should be fortified with the Church's blessing, and

he asked the Bishop of Bourges to perform the holy rite. The Bishop, nothing loth, complied with his wish. The proprietor, full of gratitude, thought long and hard in what way he could best express his thanks, and the result of his cogitations was that before leaving Bourges he dispatched to the bishop's palace one of his finest young elephants!

We venture to think there are not many church dignitaries whom such a present would not have embarrassed, but the Bishop of Bourges was an exception, for it happens that he is the founder of his city's Zoo, and so he finds a use for every animal under the sun.

Rulers on King George's Throne For 1000 Years



Athelstan on his tomb



King of All Britain—Athelstan, 925 Edmund, 940 Edred, 946 Edwy, 955 Edgar, 959



Edward the Martyr, 975 Ethelred, 978 Canute, 1016 Harold I, 1035 Hardicanute, 1040 Edward the Confessor, 1042



Harold II (1066) at Bayeux



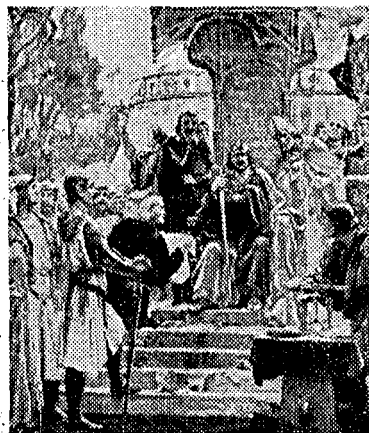
William I, 1066



William II, 1087



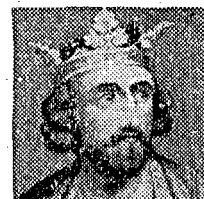
Henry I, 1100



John (1199) granting Magna Carta



Henry III, 1216



Edward I, 1272



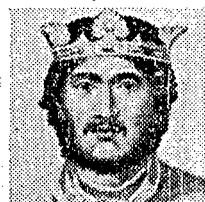
Edward II, 1307



Stephen, 1135



Henry II, 1154



Richard I, 1189



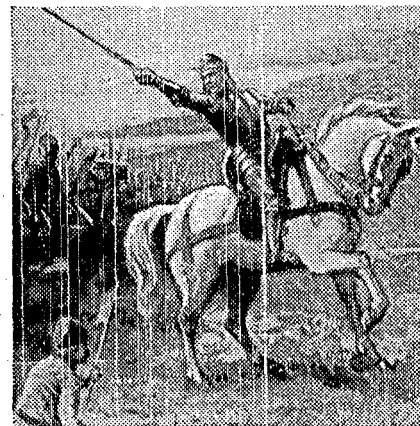
Edward III, 1327



Richard II, 1377



Henry IV, 1399



Henry V (1413) at Agincourt



Henry VI, 1422



Edward IV, 1461



Edward V, 1483



Richard III, 1483



Elizabeth (1558) at Tilbury



James I, 1603



Charles I, 1625



Charles II, 1660



Henry VIII (1509) and Edward VI (1547)



James II, 1685



William III, 1689



Mary II, 1689



Anne, 1702



George I, 1714



George II, 1727



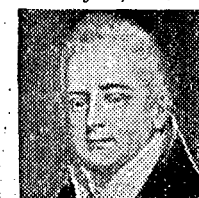
George V, 1910



George III, 1760



George IV, 1820



William IV, 1830



Victoria, 1837



Edward VII, 1901



Edward VIII, 1936



George VI, 1936

FOUR PLANETS TO LOOK FOR

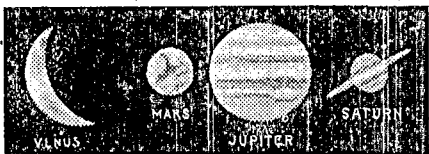
Their Progress Round the Earth

By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus is now a resplendent object in the early morning sky, appearing low in the east, with Saturn at a slightly higher altitude, some way to the right and not nearly so bright, though, apart from Venus, the brightest object in that part of the heavens. In the south Jupiter, about half as bright as Venus, may be easily recognised. The best time to look for these worlds is between 4.30 and 5 o'clock, before the rising dawn dims Saturn.

Once found Venus can be observed until sunrise, and indeed until far into the daylight hours, if a note be taken from time to time of her position; for Venus is now approaching the phase of her greatest brilliancy, which will be attained on May 24. Afterwards she will very slowly become less bright as she gradually speeds away from our world. Venus is now about 38 million miles away and about 10 million miles nearer than Mars, which is now such a fine object low in the south-east after about 9.30 in the evening.

Venus has now outpaced the Earth by 12 million miles since April 18, when she was at her nearest to us, though invisible because she was between the Earth and the Sun; but, though gradu-



The apparent relative sizes of the Planets

ally receding, Venus will remain a striking feature of the early morning sky until far into next autumn.

Saturn, on the other hand, is coming nearer and so appearing brighter every week. He now appears like a first-magnitude star, but without the usual scintillation of stars, and is at the enormous distance of 946 million miles, though when at his nearest on September 25 next this will be reduced to 791 million miles. His superb Ring System is beginning to open out, and though at present appearing as a broad shaft of light extending from each side of his immense globe, a glimpse of the southern side of the Rings is now presented for the first time in nearly 15 years. Saturn approaches much nearer to us when the south side of the Rings is presented, so as they open out he will come nearer each year until he will be no more than 745 million miles away; but this will not be until ten years hence, when Saturn will be at *perihelion*, or his nearest point to the Sun. Therefore Saturn will become brighter each year, appearing larger and with an enlarging Ring surface, so much more is expected to be learned with the aid of the greater telescopes now being made.

Mars Chasing Jupiter

Jupiter also continues to approach our world, and is growing in brilliance. At present he rises about 1 a.m., but soon we shall see him before midnight low in the south-east, and then through the summer evenings we may watch his apparent chase across the heavens after Mars until he appears to catch him up. Actually it is Mars who is approaching Jupiter and catching him up, as it were, our world's motion through space causing this illusion. Jupiter is now 416 million miles away, but in two months he will be only 385 million miles distant and brighter. Now he is almost exactly of the same brilliance as Mars, possibly a shade brighter, though, as the picture shows, Jupiter appears very much larger through a telescope. This picture shows the four planets in their proportionate apparent sizes, as seen at present through a telescope. G. F. M.

CORONATION DICTIONARY



Imperial State Crown



The Ampulla



St Edward's Crown

Ampulla. A golden eagle containing the consecrated oil.

Anointing Oil. Consecrated oil for anointing the King. The Primate dips his finger in the oil and with it touches the King on the breast, the crown of the head, and the palms of the hands.

Anointing Spoon. Oil is poured into this from the Ampulla by the Dean of Westminster for use by the Primate.

Armilla. An ornamented band or stole placed round the shoulders of the King and worn with the Imperial Mantle.

Black Prince's Ruby. A great ruby from the helmet of the Black Prince, now in the Imperial State Crown.

Coronation Chair. The Throne, a chair of oak made by the king's painter to Edward the First to contain the Stone of Scone brought from Scotland.

Coronation Oath. The oath sworn by the King to govern according to the statutes of Parliament; to cause Law and Justice in Mercy to be executed in all judgments; to maintain and obey the laws of God, to be faithful to the Gospel, to maintain the Protestant religion; and to maintain and preserve inviolable the doctrine and worship and discipline of the Church of England.

Coronation Ring. Set with rubies and diamonds and placed by the Archbishop on the King's fourth finger as a sign of kingly dignity.

Curtana. The Sword of Mercy, a sword which, being pointless, symbolises the quality of Mercy.

Earl Marshal. Eighth great office of State, held by the Duke of Norfolk, who is responsible for the ceremonial arrangements in the Abbey.

Faldstools. Litany desks at which the King and Queen kneel to pray before taking their seats in the Abbey.

Garter King of Arms. Principal officer of the English Heralds College.

Imperial State Crown. Worn by the King on all State occasions after the Coronation ceremony. It contains more than 3000 precious stones, including a sapphire from the Confessor's ring and Queen Elizabeth's earring pearls. This crown will be worn by the King on the drive from the Abbey.

King's Champion. An office now held by the Dymoke family. From the time of Richard the Second until George the Fourth the Champion challenged to single combat any person who disputed the King's right to the Throne.

Lord Great Chamberlain. Sixth great Officer of State in England. Has charge of the Palace of Westminster.

Lord High Chancellor. Chief of the judiciary and keeper of the Great Seal.

Lord Lyon, King of Arms. Head of the Lyon Court, the heraldic office for Scotland.

Orb. Jewelled globe surmounted by a cross. It is placed in the Sovereign's right hand to remind him that all the powers of kings are subject to the Empire of Christ. Another orb is for the Queen.

Royal Sceptre. A staff with a jewelled head and cross, placed in the Sovereign's right hand as the Ensign of Kingly Power and Justice.

St Edward's Crown. The crown placed on the King's head at the Coronation. It was made in the time of Charles the Second, being copied from the crown worn by Edward the Confessor, founder of Westminster Abbey.

Sceptre with the Dove. Placed in the King's left hand, it is the symbol of righteousness and mercy.

Spurs. Richly wrought in gold. An officer touches the King's heels in the Coronation ceremony with these Emblems of Knighthood and Chivalry, known as St George's Spurs.

Stone of Scone. Known also as the Stone of Destiny, it is a two-foot long block of coarse-grained sandstone placed beneath the seat of the Coronation Chair in the time of Edward the First, who brought the Stone from the Perthshire Abbey of Scone. No man knows how old the Stone is, but we know that it was carried by a King of Scotland to the Abbey of Scone and that it was used there for 400 years for crowning kings.

Swords. The Jewelled Sword is laid on the altar by the King as a symbol that it is placed at the service of the Church. There are three State Swords: the Sword of State, and the Swords of Justice, Ecclesiastical and Civil.

THE MAORIS TO THE PREMIER

The brown-skinned Maori people of New Zealand are very proud of their ancestors, the sea-rovers of the Pacific, who made wonderful voyages in big canoes long before the British people became "sea-minded."

A reminder of this is afforded by the message the Arawa tribe of Maoris sent to the Prime Minister of New Zealand, Mr Savage, on the eve of his departure from New Zealand to attend the Coronation. This is it.

Like our illustrious ancestor Tamatekapua, who in the Arawa canoe sailed the seas with high hopes 600 years ago, so today the Aotearoa captain in the ship Arawa departs, carrying the democratic banner of high resolves, of goodwill, of tolerance, equality, and, if need be, sacrifices to mankind, with orderly and persevering service to the community within New Zealand and the world at large.

Fortified by the real spirit of true Christian principles, our trust is that a balanced and contented world will be

eventually achieved. We know that you will guide the destiny of your ship with the same determination and skill as did Tamatekapua during his epic journey, and when you reach that great country which is the cradle of the British race you will appeal to the highest instincts of British statesmen for the cooperation they can give, which is so essential for the solution of the stupendous problems of the human race, in whose interests you have dedicated your life and energies.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of May 1912

An Empire at an End. The once great empire of Morocco has become practically a colony of France. The Sultan has signed a treaty which means that France takes the country under her protection. In the language used on such occasions, Morocco has become a French Protectorate.

KEEPING OUT OF WAR

America's Cash-and-Carry Plan Explained

President Roosevelt has signed a new American Neutrality Act.

Its great object, agreed to by both Houses of Congress, is to keep America out of European wars by taking the profit out of war for American traders.

This represents a great change from the American position when the war began in 1914. Then America was all for the freedom of the seas in war time, and quarrelled with us (until she herself declared war on Germany) because our blockade kept American food and materials out of Germany.

Now Americans feel that no American trader or shipowner ought to do anything for belligerent Powers (countries at war). That is why recent American neutrality legislation had made it illegal to sell arms or munitions to any nations at war, or to lend them money, or to travel in their ships.

Not Only Arms, But All Supplies

What of other goods, such as food? The new Act gives the President a discretionary power to forbid the export of any goods whatever to a country at war until the goods have been paid for.

Even so, the belligerent buying the food must go to America and fetch what he has paid for in his own ship at his own risk! This is what is called the Cash-and-Carry plan. It is to be tried for two years and then reviewed.

America is convinced that by keeping out of European war trade she can keep out of European war. 'Never again' is her motto! She is for non-intervention.

NEW ZEALAND CRICKETERS ON TOUR

The third cricket team sent from New Zealand to Britain has arrived to play on the fields of the Homeland.

Time will show whether the New Zealand cricketers of 1937 are the equals of the pioneer team of 1927, or of the team that followed in 1931. The teams of those years were captained by T. C. Lowry, the Cambridge Blue, who is coming back as manager of the 1937 team.

This year the New Zealanders will be led by M. L. Page, who was also a member of the two previous teams. As vice-captain there is H. G. Vivian, a great left-hand all-rounder, who took 64 wickets in first-class matches during the 1931 tour and has been a consistent run-getter.

The youngest member of the team is M. P. Donnelly, who is only 19 and was head boy of New Plymouth High School last year. He captained his school at both cricket and Rugby football.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Next week there will be only a few broadcasts to schools in England and Wales. The programme which follows is for schools in Scotland and will be sent out from Scottish Regional.

MONDAY, 2.5 Junior Geography—Life in the Irish Boglands: by Ian Wilson. 2.30 Magic in Poetry: by Charles Graves.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Scotland's Workshops—Silk and Cotton: by W. G. Ogg. 2.30 Elementary French.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Biology—Metamorphosis: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Weekly News Review: by Alexander Lauder. 2.20 Music—Ternary Form: by Herbert Wiseman. 3.0 Scottish History—James IV and Europe: by R. L. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Speech Training—Vowels with sound r: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Concerts for Primary Schools—Songs of the Borders: by Herbert Wiseman. 3.10 Woodland Flowers: by R. J. D. Graham.

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There are four spaces on this Gift Voucher on which you will have to stick four Tokens cut from the bottom left of the last page of CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER for four consecutive weeks. Any four will do, but they must be consecutive. When this Gift Voucher is complete—i.e., after four weeks—you are asked to send a P.O. for 3/6, crossed / & Co./ This 3/6 includes the cost of carriage and delivery to your door, cardboard container for packing, and insurance, etc. "The Story of the Coronation" can only be supplied to readers who complete the necessary Gift Voucher. As this volume is only available to regular readers, if you have not placed a regular order for CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER you must do so at once. Overseas readers are not eligible. Irish Free State readers will be liable for any import duty imposed.



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ON SECRET SERVICE

The Crossword Mystery

CHAPTER 3

Penalty, £5

ON his return from the Park David revised one opinion at least. He had been telling himself that there was not a scrap of danger in this job. But now, on second thoughts, he felt much less sure.

If that choking fit had been a sham, a well-timed dodge to draw him into conversation, it looked as if Spindle-shanks had been set on his track by the enemy, who, in such event, must have got wind of whom he was serving, and have discovered, in addition, what job he was on. Or why the veiled reference to a crossword, to clue 4 Across?

Were they trying to find out how far he had got in his quest? Had they told off the lean man to pump him?

That evening his suspicions were grimly solidified by a letter which had found its way into the letter-box. It had not been through the post; it bore no address; and had been typed on a sheet of cheap paper.

Crossword puzzles are too much of a tax on your brain. Better leave them alone; for your health's sake.

That was all. But significant. He put it away, and the very first thing next morning removed to fresh lodgings.

After taking precautions, he telephoned his new address to Sir Richard; and in return was told that no follow-up had arrived. "I have no news yet. But I may have," his last whispered words ran.

He must not be beaten. Sir Richard was trusting him. Across four. Four across, it clanged like a bell in his brain. They are better without... they are better... without... without guard. Gibberish, just gibberish. Better without—

He stopped with a start, and trembled all over. His eyes were burning excitedly.

Then he rushed to the newspaper, consulted its main page. He rushed to a railway-guide, and consulted its pages. These sent him off full tilt to Waterloo station, where he was just in time to jump into the train for Southampton.

The train was not very full; he found a compartment to himself and settled down in a seat by the window. His breathless haste had given way to deep thought, nor was it till the train was well out into the country, where the fields were beginning to turn grey in the afternoon light, that he came out of his abstraction and stepped to the corridor, where he stood looking toward the farther end of the train.

He seemed to be on the look-out for something, or someone; to be waiting for an attendant, perhaps, to come along. But the figure which presently showed at the end of the corridor, glancing into compartment after compartment as it approached, was that of the guard of the train, a burly man of slow tread.

And at the first sight of him David did a queer thing. He left his compartment door open, and, darting to his window, climbed the seat and stretched his hand to the communication cord. Thus he stayed, in that attitude, grasping the cord, and apparently about to give it a tug.

"Hi, there! Hi, my lad! Leave that cord alone, can't you!"

It was the guard's voice at the open door of the corridor.

David turned his head, but did not take his hand off the cord. "I say!" he cried over his shoulder—and how childish he made his face look—"I say! If I tugged this cord, would the train really stop? I would like to have a shot. Do you mind?"

"You'd mind," the guard answered, laughing in spite of himself. "It would cost you £5 to pull it! Get down from that seat!"

Obedying in seeming reluctance, David began again. "Do you mean," he inquired with his most innocent air, "that I have to pay you £5 for a tug?"

"Can't you read?" asked the guard, as he pointed to the printed caution. "It says there, doesn't it? that any passenger can be taken up and fined £5 if he pulls that cord without proper reason."

"Oh, yes, I see," David owned. "Then nobody would have the cheek to pull it, I suppose? I mean, not for fun."

The guard glanced at his watch. He had time enough for a chat; and the ignorance of this young passenger was amusing. "No, not as a rule, they don't pull it for fun," he said heartily. "I've only had one case in all my 12-years service. We was coming up from Southampton by the night mail, and I was pretty tired and looking forward to bed, in fact, between you and me, I was nodding, when on go all the brakes, I'm pitched on my nose, and I realise that the train has

been stopped on the sudden, and that someone has pulled that cord for all he is worth—"

"How exciting!" David repeated.

The guard shook his head. "Well, I seize my lantern," he went on, "and drops down on to the line, and there was all the passengers with their heads out of the windows, and the steam hissing, and the driver showing a flare as he leaned from the engine cab. But you lay I'm up in the train again in double-quick time, and just in time, by the skin of my teeth you may call it, to get to the compartment where the cord had been pulled. And there was the man who had pulled it; aye, he owned up and laughed. He said he'd been all alone and fed up with his own company, so he thought he'd pull the cord for a joke; to see what happened, he said."

"Was he in his right senses?"

"That he was; as you'll hear," the guard replied, with a grin. "Said I to him: Oh, you'll see what happens all right! What'll happen, I said, will be a magistrate, who'll give you a wiggling and fine you five jimmy-o-goblins. So I'll trouble you for your name and address, sir, I said. And I whipped out my note-book and pencil."

"So you got his address?"

"Not I! He was too much in his right senses! I'd the pencil at my lips when he gave me a push, knocked me off my feet, and was out through the door in a flash and bolting across the line before I could bawl at him. I did bawl, you may be sure, and I bolted off after him; but he'd vanished down the embankment across the fields."

"So you took his name from his luggage?" David put in.

"Not we! He hadn't so much as a wrap with him, not a suitcase nor handbag, nor even a picture paper. He had only what he stood up in: So that was the end of it." The guard looked at his watch again. "I'll be off," he announced. "And, mind you, no monkeying with the cord when my back's turned!"

But David stopped him: "Just wait one minute," begged David. His manner had changed, he looked older, and he spoke earnestly. "Whereabouts was the train," he asked, "when the man pulled the cord?"

By John Mowbray

"Whereabouts?" She was just approaching Blacadder Viaduct."

"Oh! The viaduct!"

"Aye!"

"When was it?"

"Not so long ago neither; about two weeks ago," said the guard. And, nodding to David, he went on his way down the train.

CHAPTER 4

Midnight

IN the last signal-box before Blacadder Viaduct on the up-line from Southampton to London the signalman was keeping one eye on the clock, that great moon-faced clock overlooking so many strange instruments, and casting the other eye now and then through the window for a glance at the tall signals guarding the points and throwing their commanding light into the darkness. And a black night it was, for no moon had appeared up aloft and rain fell steadily.

He was on the look-out for the special train from Southampton that had been chartered for the delegates from the Dominions bound for the Conference.

The night was as black and the rain fell just as untiringly on the highroad, which was being traversed at the same moment by a motor-car travelling at a great pace. Wherever conditions allowed it raced on at top speed, with a flat-capped driver who might have been part of his wheel, so still he sat, except for the movement of his hands, and so rigidly he kept his gaze fixed ahead.

Behind him sat his two passengers, speaking in undertones. One of these two was a man, the other a boy.

The boy was saying, "I hope I did right, Uncle Richard, in rushing back by the next train to you. I knew I could reach you in time, when you'd know how to act. For I couldn't go to the railway people at Southampton and tell them what I suspected; they'd only have laughed at me."

"On your evidence, which is nil, David, I think they would."

"Yes. For what could I tell them? That my clue came from a crossword! It wasn't as if I could have taken them into my confidence, into Secret Service's confidence, Uncle Richard. For all they would know, I was just a fanciful boy who'd been chatting with a guard and begun to imagine things. Oh, I couldn't, could I, share your secrets with them?"

JACKO BUYS AN ANTIQUE

ONE day Jacko's Big Sister Belinda dropped in to have a chat.

"Joe and I are looking out for antique chairs," she remarked; "we think them more attractive than the modern ones."

"They're not a patch on them for comfort, anyway," replied Mother Jacko, settling down in her favourite armchair.

Belinda loved arguing. "Maybe," she

gave a good look at 'em, my lad," he cried. "Going at a shilling apiece."

Jacko poked round among the furniture. "What I want is a very old chair," he explained.

The man tried not to look surprised as he pulled out a shabby, rickety one. "You can have this for sixpence," he offered, grinning.

Jacko paid the money and hurried off.



With a wild yell Jacko shot down through the middle

agreed. "But for appearance you can't beat a genuine antique."

"What's that?" asked Jacko.

"Why, something very very old, of course," retorted his sister.

A few days later he was passing a second-hand furniture shop when he noticed a card in the window saying: Large quantity cane chairs. Old stock. Astounding bargains!

"Coo!" he chuckled. "Just the ticket for Belinda."

He marched inside and saw dozens of cheap-looking bedroom chairs stacked one above the other.

The shopman came forward. "Have

Belinda and her husband were having tea when he staggered in with his find.

"Look, Belinda!" he cried. "I've brought you an antique chair."

They both stared hard.

"It's a genuine antique all right," said Joe, with a laugh. "But I reckon it won't bear sitting on," he added.

Jacko was disgusted. "Of course it will," he snapped. "You watch me try it."

They did! The seat promptly gave way, and with a wild yell Jacko shot down through the middle!

The others were so helpless with laughter that they had quite a job to help him to wriggle out!

"No," said Sir Richard, "you could not. And you must not—ever. I can hardly use you again, David, unless I can be sure that you'll keep your lips sealed in every circumstance and in any dilemma."

The car flashed on.

"Besides, it certainly appears a leap in the dark," Sir Richard uttered, half to himself, half to David. "I don't quite understand yet how you arrive at it."

David, whose face and voice showed the strain he was suffering, moved restlessly as he answered, "It came of itself. Across four. They are better without guard; the words had been clanging through my head every day. But this morning, all of a sudden they stopped themselves at 'without'! Do you see, Uncle Richard?"

"Oh, you mean," said Sir Richard, "that they didn't go on to 'guard.' And that made you think of separating guard from all the rest?"

"It came to me in a flash! We'd been wrong all the time, I saw, in reading guard as governed by the preposition without. The warning didn't mean that something or other was better without a guard; it meant, I believed, that if we wished to learn more we had to get hold of a guard! What kind of a guard? I thought next. A railway guard, perhaps; but that was after I'd had a look at the newspaper and seen that the Conference began meeting in London tomorrow and that a special train was to bring some of the Delegates from Southampton tonight. Then I looked at a timetable and found I could just catch a train to Southampton, so off I went and played about with the cord, as I told you, to start the guard talking about trains being pulled up in that way. And what he told me opened my eyes to the rest."

Sir Richard interrupted. "Yes, yes," he assented. "But let's pray that you're right, or we'll be on a wild errand, David."

At that very instant the signalman in his high box was yawning and taking another look at the night when the stillness was shattered by the scream of his telephone. He snatched the receiver, and his face turned white as he listened. Then he rushed to his levers, pulled two over, and darted back to the window. The solemn signals guarding the points for his viaduct had changed instantly from green to red—and the thunder of the special train had grown audible.

The signalman heard the train's shriek, heard the grind of its brakes, heard its outpour of violent steam, a shout through the night—and saw the train come to a standstill. He thanked heaven he had stopped it, in the nick of time.

He had no idea then of the danger which lurked on the viaduct, knowing only that he had obeyed the command of his telephone. It was presently that he came to learn of the sleepers prised up from the line and laid across the rails less than 50 yards up the viaduct. But when Sir Richard and David arrived on the scene, which was when the staff of the train were repairing the damage, and lanterns were bobbing, and a fruitless search being made for the wreckers, and when Sir Richard, suppressing every sign of emotion, had inquired how many sleepers had been removed, and been told that there were four of them altogether, then he turned to David and remarked, with a nod of approval, "Four across. Aye, David. The rails are better without them!" But next he asked why David had chosen the viaduct as the likeliest spot for the outrage.

David said, "Because the man who shammed he had pulled the cord for a joke pulled it just as his train was approaching the viaduct. So I reasoned that he wanted to gauge in what distance a train could be pulled up, supposing she found the viaduct signals suddenly against her. Why should the scoundrels desire that practical test? Because, I thought; taking everything into their reckoning, they'd want to know whether it would be possible or impossible for a train to be stopped in time by the viaduct signals. You see, they daren't risk the signalman's catching sight of them at work on the line; but, on the other hand, they meant to plant their obstruction as near this end of the viaduct as they could."

"Then you think their man made a little miscalculation?"

"I think he did," agreed David. "He had calculated, perhaps, that the signals could not stop the train dead in time."

"Well, perhaps you're right," Sir Richard observed, after pondering. "And on my part, David, I think a 'rat' sent me that crossword. I wonder if he was the fellow you call Spindle-shanks?"

"Not he, sir!" said David, who could not resist the conviction that some day or other he would measure swords again with that stealthy stranger of the coughing fits.

THE END

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May 15, 1937

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THE BRAN TUB

A Word Square Puzzle

HERE is a word square puzzle made up of words of six letters: Give pleasure, a store-place, mistakes, fits, a seat, rubs out. Answer next week

Ici on Parle Français



Le Roi King Le carrosse coach La Reine Queen
Vite! Regardez! Voici le Roi et la Reine qui passent dans leur carrosse doré.

Quick! Look! Here come the King and Queen in their gold coach.

This Week in Nature

AMONG the birds now nesting by the edge of a river is the sedge-warbler. This small brown bird has blackish streaks on the back, which distinguish it from the reed and aquatic warblers. It is a summer migrant, coming in April and staying until September, when it leaves for Africa. In its grass nest it lays five or six eggs.

Beheading

I SATISFY. Well-mannered folk Employ me if they want a thing.
Chop off my head and then to light A term of holding it will bring. Behead again and comfort and Simplicity will come to hand.

Answer next week

A Curious Trick With an Egg

PLACE an egg on a plate and give it a twist to start it spinning. Then, when it is going round at a good rate, stop the movement by placing the palm of the hand on it for a moment. Take your hand away and the egg will start to go round again. This is because, though the shell's movement was stopped, the contents of the egg still continued to swing round.

What Am I?

If doubled you would see my first
Let third and second be reversed.
But if my last you would behold
Increase my first a hundredfold.
Combine them all, and you can trace
The four within an empty space.

Answer next week

Taking Liberties

Why did Leigh Hunt? Because he saw Harriet Beecher Stowe the treasure away.

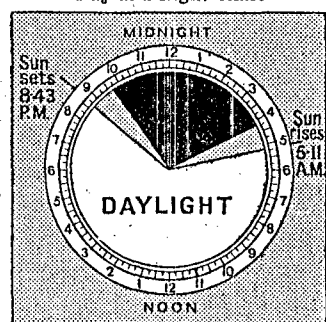
What did Richard Steele? What he knew John Horne Tooke.

When does Lewis Carroll? When William Dean Howells.

Did Charles Reade Mark Twain's book? Yes, but he thought John Greenleaf Whittier.

What made Edward Whymper? He saw someone pull Augustus Hare.

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on May 15. The daylight is now getting longer each day.

Will the Summer Be Fine?

COUNTRY people watch for natural signs to tell them what the summer will be like. They say if the rooks build their nests high and the blackbirds low it will be a hot dry summer; the season will be wet if the reverse is the case.

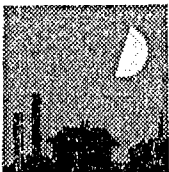
When bees work very hard in the spring the summer is likely to be wet and cold. If moles make their runs on low-lying ground a drought is coming, but floods are likely

when these animals stay on the higher lands. If kingfishers place their nest-holes high above the river the summer will be wet; if the nest-holes are low down there will be a long spell of dry weather.

If the ash tree develops its leaves before the oak a rainy summer is forecast; but if the oak is first out with its foliage very little rain is to be expected.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the South-East. In the morning Jupiter is in the South and Saturn and Venus low in the East. The picture shows the Moon at half-past nine on Monday, May 17.



The Five Girls

FIVE girls' names, each of five letters, are hidden in this collection of letters. They can be found by taking one letter from each line across, in any order, for each name.

Answer next week

What Happened On Your Birthday

May 16. John Stevens Henslow, botanist and geologist, died 1861
17. Prince Talleyrand died 1833
18. Elias Ashmole, antiquary, died 1692
19. Anne Boleyn beheaded 1536
20. John Stuart Mill born 1806
21. Philip II of Spain born 1527
22. Constantine the Great died 337

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetical Problem. Five
What Capitals Are There? Paris, London, Berlin, Warsaw.

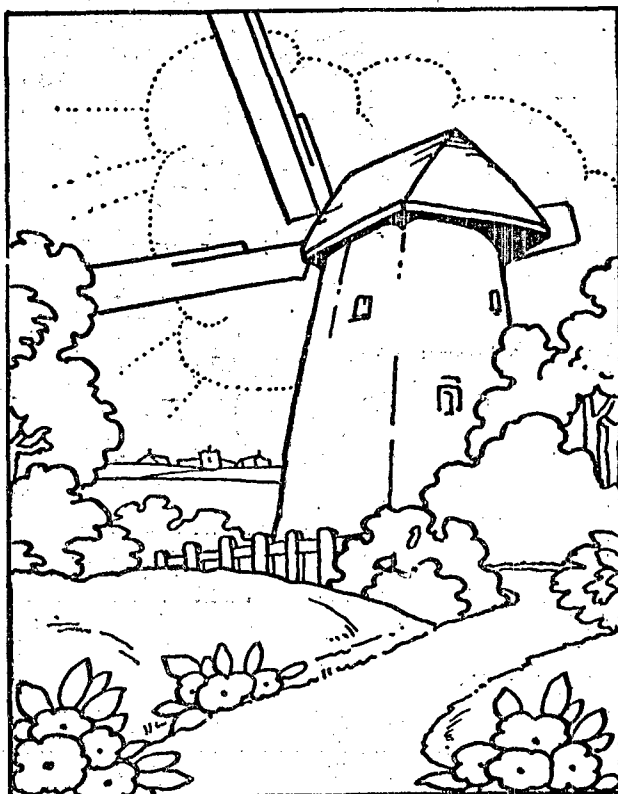
Enigma. May

What Am I? A potato

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

C	R	O	N	E	D	R	E	G	A	L	I	A
R	E	S	E	A	T	B	C	L	I	D	E	R
Y	T	T	P	A	P	E	T					
A	T	I	S	I	R	A	G	R				
T	O	N	I	L	O	R	E	O	M			
O	A	D	M	I	R	E	R	I	T			
R	E	C	I	A	L	S	T					
S	O	L										

FOURTEEN PRIZES MUST BE WON



Paint This Picture and Win Ten Shillings or Half-a-Crown

TWO prizes of ten shillings each and 12 half-crowns are offered for the best-coloured versions of this picture sent by girls and boys of 15 or under.

Cut out the picture, paste it on a postcard, and when the paste has dried colour with paints or crayons. Add your name, address, and age, and send your attempt to CN Competition No. 26, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive not later than first post on Friday, May 21.

There is no entry fee for this competition, and all will have equal chances of winning, for allowance will be made for age when the pictures are being judged. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Tales Before Bedtime

The House in the Wood

SUSAN and Peter wandered through the wood looking for adventures.

It was the third holiday they had spent at the farmhouse, and each time something exciting had happened in the wood. This time, however, they were a long while finding it, and then, just before it was time to go home to tea, there, right in front of them, stood a great surprise.

A few yards in front of them was a little house made of branches and leaves and ferns, and looking as if it had sprung up all in a magic moment especially for them.

They sat inside with the light slipping through the roof, and they peeped through openings in the sides and saw the dappled wood in bits like pictures on a wall.

"Tomorrow," they said, "we will come and sit here like mice, and no one will know where we are and it will be our very own secret."

So the next morning Susan and Peter hurried away to the wood, and there was their little house as exciting as ever in the bright morning sunlight.

"Let's creep up like Indians going to a wigwam," Peter whispered; and Susan nodded, and found herself tiptoeing with her brother. They had just reached the little house when all at once they stopped. Someone was inside! And as they stood waiting a low voice from within said, "Hush!" And a large hand came through the narrow opening and beckoned.

Susan's poor little heart nearly stopped with surprise, and Peter gave a quick gasp; and then the hand was followed by a long arm and they were drawn down and into the little house. They found themselves beside a big man who was squatting behind a camera, peering eagerly through an opening in the branches.

"Now, you two," he whispered, "keep quite still and watch through here. In a moment or two I think the nightjar will come down to those two eggs lying on the ground in front there. I'm going to photograph her. Keep perfectly still; now, look!"

And sure enough down came a large mottled brown bird and settled on the two eggs lying on dried bracken.

Susan and Peter were thrilled to see it—and more thrilled still when, a little later in the holiday, a photograph of the nightjar appeared in the newspaper, and they were able to say that they had seen it taken, even though they had to own that their house was the "hide" for the naturalist.

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